SAN FRANCISCO.

N. W. SPAULDING

...w-Smithing & Repairing

ESTABLISHMENT,

...and 19 Fremont street be...tween Front and Battery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

W. SPAULDING'S PATENT FALSE TEETH ... inserted in circular saws ... REPAIRING, in all its branches, such as Gauging, Re-Toothing, straightening etc ... CIRCULAR SAWS of all sizes, also Cross-cut, Hand ... lay, Gang, Buck, Butcher, and Hand saws of all ... ds, together with a good assortment of Saw Arbors ... ern Steel faced PLANER KNIVES and MOULDING ... CUTTERS always on hand, or made to order on ... rt notice.

...E.—Messrs KNAPP, BURRELL & CO., ...mission Merchants, Portland Oregon, are my ... authorized Agents for Oregon, Washington and ...ho.

...rders sent through them by telegraph or other... ...e will be filled at same rates as if sent to me di...

MEDICAL.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary,

623 KEARNEY STREET, NEAR COMMERCIAL, San Francisco Established in 1854, for the treatment of Seminal Diseases, such as Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis in all its forms, Sexual Weakness, Impotency, etc. Also Diseases of years standing, and Ulcerated Legs successfully treated.

DR. GIBBON has the pleasure of announcing that he has returned from visiting the principal Hospitals of Europe, and has resumed practice at his Dispensary, 623 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, where his old patients and those in need of the Doctor has spared neither time nor money in procuring his services many valuable remedies, and has returned with increased facilities for the alleviation of human suffering.

Horrible Disclosures.

How many thousands of persons, both male and female, are there who are suffering cuts a consequence from the effects of secret indulgences, a virus should find into the system! Look at the following train of morbid symptoms, which are produced by medical mercury, viz: Ulcers on the countenance, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the running of water and rattling of chariots, uneasiness about the region of the loins, confused vision, loss of confidence, diffidence, dislike to society, a dislike to form new acquaintances, disposition to shun society, loss of memory, blotches, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, consumption, night sweats, mouldiness and incompetency. If you be not obtained, short time a cure effected by his new and scientific treatment. Dr. G. will give this disease, which has been the bane of thousands a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give One Hundred Dollars to any person who will prove incorrectly to him that he has cured of this complaint by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Married Men,

those who contemplate marriage, who are suffering under any of those fearful maladies, should not let the sacred responsibility resting upon them delay to obtain immediate relief. Dr. GIBBON is willing and will give to each patient a written instrument, binding himself to effect a speedy and permanent cure, or make no charge.

Cures at Home.

Persons at a distance may be CURED AT HOME by sending a letter to Dr Gibbon, stating case, length of time the disease has continued, and all symptoms promptly forwarded, free from observation and curiosity, to any part of the country. Full and plain directions By inclosing ten dollars in registered letter through the Post Office, or through Wells, Fargo & Co., medicine will be forwarded to any part of the country. All communications strictly confidential.

Caution to the Unfortunate.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who, with bogus sworn-to certificates, advertise. Some of the self-styled doctors, who have come to this city and lived by fleecing the papers of San Francisco and other places, now have men and became too lazy to work at their profession. Some are dismissible, shoemakers, newspaper men, intelligence office keepers, etc. The object is to avoid imposition is to make inquiry—it will cost you nothing, and may save you many hundreds. Beware of advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten. Before being is no safety in trusting any of them until you know who and what they are. In this city it does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Upon this will safely rely persons who may call at the office of his ability to treat diseases that he professes.

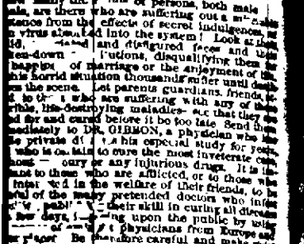
Address DR. J. P. GIBBON, 623 Kearney street, opposite the Occidental, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 1,957. TELEGRAPHER TO CALL POST BOX 1,957 ON THE LETTER.

Consultations FREE.

Correspondents will please inform DR. GIBBON that they read his advertisement in the Portland OREGONIAN. 1968

SUFFERER FROM NERVOUS DEBILITY and all disorders brought on by indiscretions, having tried in vain all known means, has discovered a new and simple remedy. His extensive, warning and means of self cure given in a pamphlet, mailed free, on receiving a post paid and addressed envelope. Address GEO RUSSELL, P. O. Box 2,386 San Francisco, Cal. 06dJulyD

AIRBANKS'



THE STANDARD

(Buy only the Genuine)

ATFORM SCALES

(ON WHEELS,)

400 to 5,000 Pounds.

AREHOUSE SCALES

(SET IN FLOOR,)

,500 to 6,000 Pounds.

AGON SCALES

(ALL SIZES,)

000 to 40,000 Pounds.

SCALES,

GRAIN SCALES,

WOOL SCALES

FAIRBANKS' CORNOMETERS,

(Grain Testers)

WARRANTED THE STANDARD WEIGHT.

FAIRBANKS' PATENT.

For Sale by all Hardware Merchants.

BEWARE OF IMITATION!

dtf

A. GOODNOUGH,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

And Manufacturer of the

GRANGER CHURN,

No. 8 First street, bet. B and C, Portland.

SCHOOL TAXES.

THE TAXPAYERS OF SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 3, Multnomah county, Oregon—You are hereby notified that the tax for the year 1874 has been levied and collectable, and I am by virtue of a warrant from the Directors of said District dated November 24th, 1874, commanded to collect the same within thirty days. D. D. HOLMAN, Clerk. Office at Atkinson & Wakefield's, corner Stark and Front streets. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. n.s.dlm

Morning Oregonian.

XMAS EDITION. PORTLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1874. DOUBLE SHEET.

EASTERN NEWS.

FROM THE OREGONIAN.

Result of the ... Canvass.

...The returning board an... ...results of their work: Four ... Republican Congressmen are ... State Treasurer by 4,061 ... ...ty-three and 37 republi... Carroll Parish is exclud...

...mittee to-day withdrew ... ...t of its arbitrary ruling. ... He will give his reasons ... are dependent to-night

Black Hills Country.

...m Gen. Ord from ... Indian came to Spotted Tail ... party of 21 whites are entering ... Black Hills country. They ... Ord to...ephed instructions ... be expelled by a military ... force.

...rely destroyed the ... Landbeamer, in north ... Loss on building and ... $20,000, an adjoining ... Beals & Co heavy ... and damaged to ... and shingle mill ...

...York Dry G... Firms. ...ary past failure re... Baldwin & Walker, ... at the close ...terday. They

...day Judge McCue. ... of counsel for de... ...to show cause ... of particulars should ... was granted for ...

...Ring.

...T. Mahoney has ... the last district of Cali...

...from Washington ... committee in ...ing his coffee ...tantly, there is ... which is not ... pain, will slightly ... proof that eleven ... the tariff laws by ...

...dave works were ... at $100,000.

...Mr Bradley, ... introduced a bill ... California, Oregon ... of 62 50 per ... lands con... ...reported ... additional land ... the Dalles Land Dis...

...he disbursering, ... the 7th ... the fig...er's table ... will amending ... so as to allow expendi... ...as if pre-... The bill was ... ...endment, this ... of destruction (?) ... ...ted by objec... ...requiring unanimous ... bills ...

Kelly and Repre... U. S. guarantee of ... by the Oregon Central ... $50,000 per mile of ... The bill to ... road was simply ...

...Before the ...

...ons of Bailey against ... the right of coun... the Pacific railroad, ... of the Supreme Court, ... The case involves ... made as exempt from ... by their charter.

In Congress.

...investigating com... ...day. The indictments are ... and Mr. Niblack, ... have been directed to sit in ... power. One of the first ob... ...be to $50,000 check ... of the Metropolitan and ... will be summoned.

...been taken upon part of the ... from Congress ... ...ating ... connection with Pacific Mail ... to only one member of ... the test that member voted ...

...through the Park and Metro... ...ge was irregular. The ... It bears the payment stamp ... could not have been the case if ... ...paid in a very ... Harsh, of the Pacific Mail ... here, denies the payment ... was part of the Barrist & ...

...ed to-day, but he was ... ...ily. He will testify ... with the company was as ...

...ffice from Ohio, ... and to be made to ... showing him con... At the time ... was marshal. His statement, ... received $5,500 ... who met the ... committee, and ... of the company.

...Pacific

...ction was made some ... of the Supreme Court, ... to grant a bill of par... Union Pacific Railroad ... ship Company. The ... Pacific for passages in ... to be taken to San Fran... mers, as by contract. The ... railroad company, it ... there is limited freight, but ... on hand to take it. A counter ... passages. The steamship com... particulars, citing the decision case, yesterday; Judge ... an order, holding that the ...

...News.

...has been notified that ... the P. M. S. S. Co., the *Great* ... San Francisco for Japan ... 3d, instead of the 9th ... ...ed by the *Yeso de Gama*.

...C. F. H. Goodwin, U. S. Mar... ...from the Freedmen's Bureau to ... report that no new features ... having marked the ...

...to his bed with nervous pros... ...admit only his private sec...

...at the instance of Rep... ...established a postoffice at ... ...ited Frank Howell, P. M.

CHINA.

...'Japan" at Hongkong.

...An American war vessel has ... survivors of the steamship ...

ATLANTIC CABLE.

...Intelligence.

...The bark *Norge*, from New ... port, has arrived, with ... crew of the bark *Amity*. The ... on the way from Philadel... ...Eighteen of the crew were ...

...Arrived—Ship Oracle, San ...

...Causy (ga Fedele).

...A telegram from St Pe... ...the difficulties with Tur... ...have been settled. The At... ...without fighting. The ... 25 prisoners.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

CALIFORNIA.

From San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—The P. M S S. Co's steamer *Salvador* arrived from Panama this morning, bringing 68 passengers, 868 tons merchandise and $14,000 in treasure

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23.—At about noon, Tuesday, a mail was discovered in the bay clinging to a lighter off the Mail Co.'s wharf. He was rescued and turned over to officer Farquhar. The man was almost insensible from exposure After he recovered he stated his name to be J. J. Lawless, foreman of the carriage and repair shop of the C P R R. at Oakland point He came over on the *Thoroughfare*, and while the boat was entering the ship, he was robbed of his watch and chain and some money, and knocked overboard, after which he drifted to where he was found. He was taken to his home. The police are investigating the matter.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—The body of the man found floating in the bay this morning near Long bridge, had, apparently, been in the water about a week. It was towed by the schooner *California* to the wharf foot of Fifth avenue, South San Francisco, and the coroner notified.

Last night a man named Wm. Leahigh was confined in the city prison on a charge of drunkenness. This morning at the roll call he failed to respond. On examination he was found to be dead. The coroner was notified.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—Last night a boy, known as Bob, one of the crew of the ship *Three Brothers*, lying in the stream, came on board the vessel and was ordered to go aft by the watchman. He obeyed the order and nothing has since been heard of him. He is supposed he sat on a drum on the lower aft rail and fell overboard. He had been some years with Capt. Cummings, of the *Three Brothers*, and was a young man of steady habits.

Dense Fog—Disasters to Steamboats.

BENICIA, Dec. 24.—Last night about 6 o'clock, the steamer *Audelia*, from Vallejo to Benicia, ran on the outer islands, about a thousand yards from the wharf at Benicia. At the time of the accident the fog was intensely thick and it was impossible to make any accurate calculations. The steamers *Parthenia* and *Walker* passed the island in safety, but the *Amador*, on her way to Sacramento, missed her course and came heading directly into the island in such a way as to strike the *Amelia* amidships and crush her. The passengers stood horror stricken awaiting the blow, but at the last moment the danger was seen, and by the skillful manuvering of Capt. Farrar, of the *Amador*, the directness of the blow was avoided and no serious accident occurred to either boat or passengers. The *Amador*, after landing her passengers at Benicia immediately, put back to the relief of the *Amelia*. The freight was transferred to the *Amador* together with the passengers. The *Walker* remained with the *Amelia* to assist in getting her off safe at high water and tow her to a place of safety in case she is seriously injured, which, it is feared may be so, as she lies with her bow resting on the jagged rocks and her stern very low in the water.

BY STATE TELEGRAPH.

Fire in Salem.

SALEM, Dec. 24.—A fire to-night, on the east side of Commercial street, destroyed the furniture manufactory and communicated to a blacksmith shop adjoining, but at present (9 o'clock) is under control.

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

THE DEMOCRACY STICKS A SPEER INTO IT, AND SEOK SIEPS FOR THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL WITH A SHARP STICK.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—The House went into committee of the whole on the legislative appropriation bill.

The paragraph relative to mileage of U. S. marshals provoked a long discussion, in the course of which Beck spoke of the department of justice as honey-combed with frauds, and Speer of Pennsylvania, alluded to the western district of Arkansas and the district of North Carolina as being run by political thieves, vampires and scoundrels.

Hale, of Maine, and Maynard defended the Department of Justice.

The result of the discussion and vote was, that the provision in the last army appropriation bill providing allowance for mileage is not to be constructed as applying to legal traveling fees of U. S. Marshals or deputies. No fees are to be allowed for constructive mileage, and all claims for mileage are to be accompanied by sworn proofs that the distance for which mileage is claimed was actually and necessarily traveled.

When the paragraph for the Department of Justice was reached, Beck moved to strike it out, and renewed his attack on that Department, declaring that the Attorney-General was a more guilty man in connection with the affairs of Louisiana than Judge Durell himself, who had resigned and confessed his guilt. He charged that the Department of Justice had used the army for the basest purposes, and was a department of injustice instead of a Department of Justice. When the proper time came, if he got the opportunity he would make good what he had said about the Attorney-General and the Department of Justice.

Speer again attacked the Department of Justice and stated that the Attorney-General had not complied with the law which required that a report should be made of the expenditure of its contingent fund.

Garfield replied to Beck and Speer, and defended the department, saying that while it had not always been as economical as it ought, there had been steady, earnest work in cutting down expenses, both by Congress and the department itself. He contrasted Republican and Democratic usage in making appropriations, and severely criticised Speer's speech and the Democratic party, declaring the latter had bankrupted the country, and now, after the Republican party had come forward and saved it, the Democrats were barking about economy.

Speer replied sharply to Garfield's strictures, and declared that he would not submit, for himself or his party, to a rebuke from him. If they had erred, it no man who lifted the rod of correction over them should be one in whose pathway light alone had shown, and not one who had come out of mists and clouds of suspicion, if not guilt.

The motion to strike out was rejected, and the bill as finally completed was reported to the House.

ONE DEED OF GOOD.

If I might do one deed of good,
One little deed before I die,
Or think one noble thought, that should
Hereafter not forgotten lie,
I would not murmur, though I must
Be lost in death's unnumbered dust

The filmy wing that wafts the seed
Upon the careless wind of earth,
Of its short life is only need
To find the gem fit place for birth
For one swift moment of delight
It whirls, then withers out of sight.

—*London Spectator.*

THE ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR TRADE.—Washington, Dec. 17.—Petitions from the National Temperance Society and other temperance organizations and churches, representing over 300,000 petitioners, were presented in the House to-day, asking for the early passage of the bill to provide a commission of inquiry concerning the alcoholic liquor traffic, which passed the Senate at the last session. Judge Poland will report the bill from the committee on judiciary soon after the holidays, and it is probable it will pass.

MURDERED BY THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.—John A. Oltman, superintendent of the Duquesne Coal Works, Pittsburgh, Penn., while making a tour of inspection through the mines, was fired on by a party unknown and fatally wounded. The miners have been on a strike for some time.

OLD TIMES.

A friend over in Olympia sends us the following pleasant sketch of

A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

I returned home yesterday, dear Jack, after a delightful visit of three days in Andover, where, notwithstanding the change from the green growth of summer to the brown look of winter, the scenery was as picturesque and lovely as ever, particularly the views of the Great Pond, which reminded me of some sparkling gem as its waters lay gleaming in the sun and surrounded by the gently rising hills, which have now assumed a brown and purple hue, relieved here and there with bright patches of snow and occasional clumps of evergreens. On arriving in Andover, Wednesday noon, I found Uncle William's carriage waiting to convey me down to the farm, which we reached after a brisk drive of six miles in the clear frosty air. It seemed very pleasant at the farm, almost like home. The barn especially looked the picture of comfort as I went in it, all the cows, twenty in number, were chewing their cuds as they stood in their clean-looking racks, the lofts above were bursting with hay and grain, and there was a great pile of apples at one side, which are to be made into cider. There is something very pleasant about a barn.

We had an elegant tea in the evening; there were seventeen at the table, and the way in which we despatched chicken pies, biscuits, preserves, mince, apple and cranberry pies was a thing of wonder. Every Thanksgiving there are an hundred pies made, and when Thanksgiving is over those pies are minus. We were at the tea-table an hour or so, during which time the monotony of eating was varied by jokes, a great deal of laughter and by carriages driving up to the door with members of the family who had just arrived on the cars, making altogether a very gay and exhilarating scene. After tea we all went into the parlors, where the ladies got out pretty fancy work, making Christmas presents, and the gentlemen gathered around, or else sat down in twos and fours at cards. We were all pretty tired when it was time to retire.

I awoke next morning at hearing little feet pattering in the hall just my door, and upon opening it to see to whom they belonged, in rushed a great cat, followed by a small boy in hot pursuit, which I need not say was unsuccessful. The breakfast was a renewal of the ten of the previous evening, with the addition of several grown people and a number of children. At 11 a large party of us went to church, where we heard an interesting sermon. After church the ladies retired to their respective apartments and put on their best dress for the festival of the day—the Thanksgiving dinner—while the gentlemen betook themselves to the manly game of foot ball on the common.

At 2 o'clock dinner was announced. There was large table in the dining-room for the old folks, as the married people were called, and in the hall an immense table was spread for the grandchildren, where, although I could not claim to be one, I was allowed a seat. There were thirty-eight persons present, and as nearly all the names were duplicated, there was a little paper at each plate with the name of the one party for whom it was intended and her place of residence. I was much amused at my paper, which had written upon it, "Kate, from Oregon." As I glanced around the table I no longer felt surprised that an hundred pies vanished like dew before the morning sun at this great annual reunion. Besides the magnificent roast turkey at the head of the table, a perfect monarch of his race, others graced the foot and middle of the board. There were roast chickens and roast ducks, and the inner celery and all kinds of vegetables, and in fine a regular forest of good things which I despair of describing. After this too bountiful feast a party of us donned our outer garments and sallied forth in quest of a little fresh air.

In the evening Aunt Patience, the head of the family, came into the middle parlor, leaning on the arms of two of her sons, and sat down in an arm-chair which had been prepared for her. And now the most interesting part of Thanksgiving took place: that was the gathering together of all the grandchildren to receive their $5 apiece, which custom had been instituted by the grandfather, years before his death, upon the Thanksgiving visit of the first grandchild. The oldest grandchild was over thirty, the youngest only four, and there were twenty-two others between them; and as they all stood up facing their aged grandmother it was a very interesting and affecting scene. Then one by one each advanced to her daughter kissing her, she gave each a new $5 bill. It was comical to see how the different ones walked across the room—the older persons in a quiet, dignified manner, while the little ones trapped hastily forward, and some little boys pranced along as though going to battle Some one said if grandma gave $5 to each of the great-grandchildren, and to those who married into the family, she would be poor in a few years.

After this interesting scene, other visitors came in, and at 8 o'clock we had an elegant supper, at which there were over fifty persons. The remainder of the evening was passed in talking, playing cards, and numerous games chiefly for the amusement of the young folks. And when we at length retired, we all felt as we left the gay and festive scene that we had passed a very jolly Thanksgiving.

Yours affectionately, KATE.

THE COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Corcoran, the Washington millionaire, who has given the nation an art gallery worthy of pride, and whose name is connected with numerous charities here of the better order, has recently given $250,000 to the Columbian University, of this city. His gift was conditional, however, depending upon the question of the ability of the friends of the University to raise an additional $450,000 before the first of January, 1875. They have been hard at work since then, and have succeeded in raising $70,000. At this point they stuck, and it does look as if they cannot raise this comparatively small sum of $30,000, which will secure them Mr. Corcoran's gift of $250,000. This is a great pity. The national capital, with its attractions and absence of large business interests, seems especially adapted to the wants of the student In speaking of these advantages Dr. Welling, of the university, uses the following words:

"There is nothing esoteric in the learning of our day. And what advantages are ours; both in gaining and diffusing the blessings of highest culture! For here, at our very doors, we have the Smithsonian institution, perpetually working, under the guidance of its illustrious secretary, on the boundaries of knowledge in all departments, thus literally fulfilling the will of its founder and exemplifying the highest function of a university, by increasing and diffusing knowledge among men. And here is the national library of congress, with its well filled alcoves, open alike to teachers and scholars for the purposes of literary or scientific research, and here for the study of ethnology, are the accumulated fruits of American inventive genius stored in the patent office, and here, for the progressive scientific study of astronomy, is the national observatory, and here is that no less learned than useful school of, practical geometers connected with the coast survey, and here are the gardens which, under the keeping of the agricultural department, invite to the study of botany, not in dry herbaria and in dryer tomes, but amid flowery walks through which Shenstone would have loved to ramble by the side of Linnæus or Hassel-quist. And here, for the student of law are the highest seats of our American Themis, as here, for the votaries of the healing art, are the priceless treasures of the Medical museum, without any rival in the world among institutions of its kinds, and here, by the munificence of him who stands at the head of the governing board of our college, is the Corcoran gallery of fine arts, to keep alive the love of beauty in the soul of man."

Fernando Wood claims that he has ninety members of the next House favoring him for speaker.

THE LIBEL MANIA.

SERVANT GIRLS TO THE FRONT.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec 11—The *Tribune* of this city is sued for libel, damages being laid at $10,000. The circumstances of the case are peculiar, and the motive which prompted the publication highly interesting. About a week ago a young girl, dressed in mourning, and apparently under the influence of some great sorrow, presented herself at the *Tribune* office with a story for publication, stating that it was the true history of her dead sister, who had been shamefully wronged. The story was illegibly written and coarsely worded. It was reduced, however, to the proper form and published. It represented that a young girl named O'Neil, working in the city, had been seduced, and that an abortion had been performed upon her, ending in her death. The unsworn statement of the woman who brought the manuscript to the office left no doubt of the authenticity of the story. The day following its publication a priest called at the *Tribune* office and told the city editor that the narrative was false; that the girl O'Niel was alive and well, and a girl of excellent character. He hoped that a public denial of the matter would be given. The city editor complied, and told the whole story. Not only this, but the *Tribune* noticed the case editorially. Suit was, however, commenced, whereupon detectives were set to work. It was found that the girl O'Neil was employed as a domestic in the family of the counsel for the prosecution. After some search, the author of the libel was recognized in the person of another hired girl, and the animus of the offense developed. She had a lover, to whom she was deeply devoted, and whom she was about to marry. The day of the wedding had several times been fixed and as often postponed. After much patient waiting, the disappointed servant learned that she had a rival in the O'Niel girl, and the deception sought revenge. It was easily suggested in a newspaper account of a seduction full of the requisite flavor and juiciness, and, with a substitution of names and places, she took it to the *Tribune* office. She is very penitent, and will probably not be disappointed.

A. J. ON GRANT.—"If Grant hadn't been the little money lover that he is he would have vetoed that bill of abomination, (the salary grab). No, you see it gave him a nice amounting to a cool hundred thousand dollars. That fixed him. He hasn't an idea above dollars and cents and horses. He is the only man who ever held the Presidential office and got rich at it. Look over the whole list of Presidents from first to last, and you won't find a man who has made half the money out of the office that he has. Nobody before him regarded it as a place to make money, or practiced that kind of position to fill himself. He would, no doubt, have vetoed the salary grab, if there had not been a big plum in it for himself. The grabbing Congressmen very shrewdly gave him a big slice so as to get his signature. The whole thing was about the most disgraceful affair in the annals of our Government. I am rejoiced that the men who engineered that swindle through have been so emphatically condemned at the ballot-box. They are not to be trusted, and never will be again."

A SAD INCIDENT OF STUDENT LIFE.—Six years ago a drunken American student ordered five or six hundred dollars' worth of toys from a poor cripple in Munich. They were to be highly finished, and to be ready one week before Christmas. The cripple overjoyed at such a large order, borrowed money with which to purchase materials, and worked day and night to have the toys ready at the appointed time. Christmas came, and the student failed to come, send for the goods he had ordered. Weeks and weeks passed and the toys were not claimed, and the cripple had neither name or address to start inquiries. The borrowed money he was unable to return, and the matter so preyed upon his mind, together with the disappointment, loss of time and materials (for the toys were not of a kind to edify children, and could not be sold) that he became insane and is now an idiot. This little tale we extract from a private letter, the writer of which asserts that the man who gave the order lives in Boston and is wealthy.—*N. Y. Mail.*

TILTON'S BILL OF PARTICULARS.—New York, Dec. 11.—Judge McCue, of the Brooklyn City Court, in his order granting a bill of particulars in the suit of Theodore Tilton against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, says: "I am of opinion, first, that plaintiff should be limited as to his proofs of specific acts of adultery to those made by him in his bill of particulars. Second, that this order is not to be construed as prohibiting plaintiff from introducing, on a trial of this action, testimony which may be admissible under the general rules of evidence as to any acts, other than the specific acts of adultery, declarations, writings, documents, and confessions, in which alleged confessions no particular time or place shall have been referred to.

The trial was postponed until the first Monday of the January term.

LAMIA.

I met a woman in the glade:
Her hair was soft and brown,
And long her silken lashes weighed
Her ivory eyelids down.

I kissed her hand, I called her blest,
I held her limp and fair,—
She turned to shadow on my breast,
And melted into air!

And, lo! about me, fold on fold,
A writhing serpent hung,
An eye of jet, a skin of gold,
A garnet for a tongue.

—*Aldrich.*

BUTLER'S DEFEAT.—General Butler indirectly earns a return of aspirations for Congressional honors to steer clear of the woman suffrage question; for in a letter written by him to the President of the Woman Suffrage Association of New York, and read at a meeting recently, he ascribes his defeat to his advocacy of the suffrage It is as follows:

MY DEAR MADAM:—I am sorry to say that I believe my advocacy of woman suffrage cost me 500 votes in my district, which was enough to defeat my election. But still I do not regret what it cost because others hold different ones. I am yours truly,

BEN. F. BUTLER.

THE RUSSIAN WINTER CROPS.—New York, Dec. 16.—A late copy of the Vienna *Free Press* has the following account of the damage to the Russian winter crops "We learn from Novochoperch, in the Government of Woronesch, that an insect has made its appearance there which causes just as much devastation as the phylloxera did in the vineyards of France. This insect, which has appeared in enormous numbers, is of a grass color and moves very slowly, but is voracious to an alarming extent, and all the winter crops in this Government are completely destroyed This worm attacks alike wheat and rye, and is not satisfied with devouring the tender sprouts but makes its way under the ground, where it eats the roots, destroying the entire seed. The cold has no effect on the insect."

MOUNT ELBURZ.—Mont Blanc, it is said, has been dwarfed by the discovery in Europe of a taller monarch of the mountains. Mount Elburz, on the European side of the Caucasian water shed, has been found to be 18,526 feet high, or 2,742 feet higher than the greatest estimated height on Mont Blanc. The mountain is not a flattened cone, and although possessing the Alpine characteristics of snow-fields, ice-lakes, and glaciers, is easily climbed by experienced mountaineers.

SALE OF MR. LATHAM'S FOUR-IN-HAND.—Crego & Bowley to-day, at 12 o'clock, in front of the Merchants' Exchange, will sell by auction the well-known four-in-hand team of M. S. Latham. This team is the most stylish four-in-hand in the city and celebrated for their speed, as it is said they can trot together close to three minutes. They are blood bays, 15 hands high, sound, and very gentle to drive.—*S. F. Chronicle, 17th.*

OREGON.

C. W. Bryant is Master, and A. R. Shipley Secretary of Oswego Grange No 175.

C. W. Gohong has been elected W. M. of Multnomah Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M., at Oregon City. W. H. Fouts was chosen secretary.

A Yamhill correspondent writes that two cubs are in jail at Lafayette for stealing blankets, etc. They will board until April next. Taxes are high.

Willamette Encampment No 2, I. O. O. F., Salem, officers elect: H. H. Gilfrey, C. P.; F. G. Schwatka, H. P.; J. A. Baker, S. W.; T. O. Barker, J. W., Ed. Hirsch, Scribe; Geo. W. Jordan, Treasurer.

Hon. W. R. Dunbar returned home from an extended tour through Southern Oregon on Wednesday During his absence he organized and re-organized eleven Good Templar lodges and visited thirty-seven.

Corinthian Lodge No. 17, F. & A. M., Albany, held their annual election last Saturday, and chose the following named officers for the ensuing year: M. V. Brown, W. M.; J. W. Baldwin, S. W.; E. R. M. Carter, J. W.; M. Rainwater, T.

Mr. I. T. Day, of Turner, in Marion county, furnishes the *Record* the experience last season in fattening pigs on wheat, by which means he made good pay for his stock hogs and realized $1 a bushel for his wheat, though working at a disadvantage.

Under the new law passed by the last Legislature, road supervisors are required to make their returns at the January term of the county court, in place of the February term, as heretofore. Those interested will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Mr. Howlett informs us that strawberry vines were in bloom on the hills in Eagle creek precinct on the 15th of this month. We have had no winter so far and trees seem ready to bloom out on the first warm day. Oregon is truly the finest climate on the continent.

The wife of a gentleman who works at one of the mills in Albany, had a fit about noon last Tuesday, and in her agony jumped into the Santiam canal, which flowed near their door, and would have been drowned but for Frank Parton, who chanced to be passing near by at the time.

Thursday's *Statesman* says: "The Gerrand case came up before the Supreme Court last evening, the arguments on either side being listened to with deep interest by the bench and bar, as well as numerous spectators who made it convenient to be present. The arguments will not be concluded until some time this forenoon."

The patent outside of an Oregon paper contains the following: Mrs. Grant, who lives in Polk county, near Kings valley, California, killed two deer on Tuesday of last week. On the Monday previous she killed a very large fat buck. This lady has now killed eighteen deer since she resided on the Luckanute, and is one of the most successful shots in that section of the country.

THE TERRITORIES.

There are over 1,200 land patents awaiting delivery in the U. S. land office in Olympia.

One of the dignitaries of the great nation of Nez Perces, Chief Reuben, is in the city jail at Lewiston for drunkenness.

A. C. Short, L. D., writes the *Echo* that at the last meeting of Wallula Lodge No. 50, seven candidates were initiated. This is doing pretty well for a new lodge.

A queer case is reported at Denver, Colorado. A man left Omaha with his own trunk, and that of a fellow traveler. He complained of the theft, the property was recovered, and he was made the prosecuting witness. The judge, being in a quandary how to treat so novel a case, decided that the thief was not accountable for his acts.

The Owyhee *Avalanche* of the 14th says: The stage bound for Boise City last Saturday morning, capsized near Gipling's toll gate, on Reynolds' creek, slightly bruising Mrs. W. B. Bigerstaff's shoulder, Dan Seaman's leg, and bruised the leg of the driver. So far as we can learn, however, nobody was seriously injured.

The *Northerner* has several jokes on the marshal of Lewiston. One is that while locking up a prisoner the marshal forgot which one of the boys he was, and went in himself. The jailor could not distinguish the difference in the darkness, but as the feller inside appeared the "loosest" he supposed it was as it should be, and fastened the door. The prisoner went on his way rejoicing, and feeling rather dignified at so sudden a promotion—from a common vagabond to city marshal.

Some parties at Lewiston took it into their heads to serenade a young man. The *Northerner* tells how it terminated thus: The young man having a fine musical ear, immediately detected something wrong with the time, and informed the orchestra that that was *no time* to come around him. They thought different, and in consequence the code of Corbyville's finest musical gents was completely ruined by the angry passage at arms which immediately took place. The city marshal, over vigilant and efficient, and occupying a front seat in the orchestral force, was called on to quell the riot. He immediately sunk the musician in the duties of the officer, handed his instrument to a brother and proceeded into the main street of the town to collect a *posse comitatus* to make the necessary arrests. By the time the rioters were safely dispersed, and once more appeared, prepared to arrest the whole troupe. Not finding any one but the recipient of the serenade, he induced the latter to get out a warrant for the drum major, the E flat cornet, the trombone, and the bugler. Next afternoon this remnant of a once mighty band was found before His Honor Recorder Vincent, who, after hearing the facts in the case, recorded a fine of $5 and costs, which amounted to $7, making a total $12, against the E-flat cornet, which was paid by Charles Wilt. (contraband) the trombone was remitted, and the same amount, and same good by Billy Duffy. The snare-drum and bugler not having the necessary amount to pay of the offended dignity of the city in the person of the recorder, Martin Williams and "Bricktop" took it upon themselves to offer themselves as hostages in the city jail until the expiration of the alternative six days.

THIS SIDE AND THAT.

Five years ago there was little probability that a majority of the State Governors would at this date be Democratic. But the following table brings out the fact.

Democratic Governors.	*Republican Governors.*
Connecticut,	Maine,
New Hampshire,	Vermont,
Massachusetts,	Rhode Island,
New York,	Pennsylvania,
New Jersey,	Illinois,
Delaware,	Iowa,
Maryland,	Nebraska,
West Virginia,	Kansas,
Virginia,	South Carolina,
North Carolina,	Florida,
Georgia,	Louisiana,
Alabama,	Michigan,
Texas,	Mississippi,
Tennessee,	Minnesota—14.
Kentucky,	
Missouri,	
Ohio,	
Indiana,	
Oregon,	
Arkansas,	
Nevada—21	

Governor Booth, of California, and Taylor, of Wisconsin, Independent

Several of these governors are elected but for one year. The table, therefore, might need a great deal of revising eighteen months hence. The next Presidential canvass may set up a new row of gubernatorial pins. But at present, Democratic Governors are ruling a majority of the States.

GOVERNOR ALLEN OF OHIO ON THE PRESIDENCY.—Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 17.—Intimate friends of Governor Allen say his position on the presidential question is this: "He neither seeks nor would decline the honor of a promotion. His friends must settle that, but he wants it distinctly understood that he will not allow himself to be used as a cats-paw to further the interest of any other candidate."

GENERAL NOTES.

The senior class of Columbia College, New York, have adopted the cap and gown with the intention of making it a permanent dress during their collegiate life.

Two men engaged in shipping eggs from the village of Pierrepont Manor, N. Y., have sent 880,000 dozen of eggs to New York and the Eastern States during the present year.

To avoid mortifying her lover's family, who are poor, a Montreal heiress was married the other day in a plain Swiss muslin costing $30. But she has had a splendid trousseau for use after the marriage.

Vermont has shipped a much large quantity of potatoes and onions this year than usual, one man in Shelburn having sent 20,000 bushels of the former and 1,550 bushels of the latter to New York and Philadelphia.

Over 300 trees and more than 800 woody species of plants are believed to be embraced in the flora of the United States, and of the trees 250 species are tolerably abundant in one region or another, 120 of them growing to a large size.

The sheriff of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, recently had the disagreeable duty to perform of conveying to the Penitentiary on a three years' sentence a "preacher," whose offense consisted in having voted three times for the very official who was conducting him to prison.

Harper's Weekly thinks that "no more preposterous proposition could now be made" than that of a monster scheme of "internal improvements" with a view to benefiting the Republican party. It says that "it is a usurpation for jobbery and corruption on the largest scale," and that to "propose such a scheme as a means of restoring the Republican party is to offer to burn down the house to cook the dinner."

The late Elisha Robinson, who died last month at Parker's, Pa., bequeathed $1,000,000, to be divided between the different members of his household in a certain manner, and accompanied the legacies with a proviso that if any one of the children should "grumble" at the disposition of the property, the portion of that one should be distributed in equal shares among the others. Not a "grumble" has been heard.

A GUILTY MINISTER'S CONFESSION.—Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 11.—Dr. Fisk, the adulterous pastor, has written and caused to be published the following letter of confession:

To the Public:—I frankly confess to the fearful sin of which I am charged, and will not be cowardly enough to lie or seek a palliation of my weakness and guilt. I can only crave the pity and compassion of the world I have offended, and the forgiveness which my sincere and profound repentance before God and man calls for. I have returned my letter of fellowship to the denomination I have so grievously stricken, and abandoned the profession which I have so deplorably shamed. May God and man pity and forgive me, and aid me to do some humble work in life yet for the good of society. I am not a coward or a sneak to make Adam's plea that "a woman did it." It was my own weak and wicked soul that, in a moment of frenzy, wrought my downfall in penitence and unspeakable sorrow.

(Signed) R. FISK, JR.

THE PACIFIC MAIL INVESTIGATION.—An overland mail agent, who has been attached to the ... office at this place, and who went before the committee and ... fied that two prominent Democratic Congressmen had, at about that time, deposited quite a sum of money with the sergeant-at-arms, who acts as a sort of banker for the members of Congress, and among the bills ... was one of the ... nation of a thousand dollars, which was fresh and crisp. This was thought to be a very ... circumstance, but the two Congressmen implicated explained it by showing that they had acquired at the gently exhilarating game of draw poker.—*Washington special to Chicago Tribune.*

MARY CLEMMER AMES' HUSBAND OBTAINS A DIVORCE.—In the Jefferson county (West Virginia) Circuit Court last Monday Daniel Ames, former Mayor of

The Daily Oregonian.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1874.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He had told them he'd be—he'd be this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly t—ss'd on their soft downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's soft face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried all in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sa—y because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus.
Now we know we have, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear every thing mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why can't we p'ay dust as mamma did then,
And ask Dod to send him with presents adem?"
"I've been thinking so too." And without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny h—ds were clasped close to each breast.
'Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive.
You must wait just as still till I say the "Amen,"
And by this you will know that your turn has come then."
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear J—, and—and—don't forget him to-night,
That Santa Claus' love is far better than he;
Don't let him get fearful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please Dessus, let Santa Claus turn down to-night,
And bring me—for I—I believe I'm right!
I want to—should die me a nice little sled,
With bright shining runners, and all painted red!
A box full of candy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and dem Dessus, I'll be a good boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their
And with—[illegible]—sought their beds.
They were soon lost in—[illegible]—ber both peaceful and
And with fairies in dr—[illegible]—and were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little P—[illegible]—ck clock had struck ten,
Ere the father thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes,
"I was—[illegible]—h with my dear—" he mentally said;
"And should not have sent—[illegible]—so early to bed.
But then I was troubled—[illegible]—beard went,
For the—[illegible]—stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've so—[illegible]—th—troubles ere this,
And that I—" (here the nurses asked for kiss;
"But just to—be sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never was harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly—[illegible]—the stairs
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.
His Annie's "Dessus" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
"I'll stores for my hea—[illegible]—" he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stair, and softly went down,
Threw call vat at the door, and silk dazzling gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire, as of the child, driving sleet.
Nor stop—[illegible]—he until he had bought everything,
From a—[illegible]—down to the tiny gold ring.
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store,
That the var—[illegible]—ous outnumbered a score.
Then home—[illegible]—he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas
[illegible]
Miss Dolly was—[illegible]—d in a pine tree,
By the side of a—[illegible]—out for her tea.
A workbox well st—[illegible]—d in the—[illegible]—was laid,
And on it a ring for—[illegible]—had prayed.
A soldier in uniform—[illegible]—by a sled,
"With Lead—[illegible]—and all painted red."
There—[illegible]—dogs and h—[illegible]—books pleasing to
[illegible]
And birds of all—[illegible]—pa—[illegible]—in the tree.
While—[illegible]—laughing stood up in the top,
As if—[illegible]—to drop.
And as the—[illegible]—surveyed,
He thought, for his to—[illegible]—he'd as well pay,
And he said to himself, as he brush—[illegible]—off a tear,
"I'm—[illegible]—have been for a year;
I've—[illegible]—never before;
'Twas Dod's—[illegible]—a rule, I believe,
To have—[illegible]—visit on each Christ—[illegible]—Eve."
So thinking, he—[illegible]—the light,
And tried—[illegible]—down his—[illegible]—to retire for the night.
As soon as the—[illegible]—of the bright morning sun
Put—[illegible]—to flight—[illegible]—the stars one by one,
Poor little hips were—[illegible]—d wide,
And as the—[illegible]—be—[illegible]—e called,
They—[illegible]—out of—[illegible]—beds they were—[illegible]—with a bound,
And the—[illegible]—th prayed for were all of th—[illegible]—found.
They—[illegible]—and they are! In their innocent glee,
And shouted for—papa—to come quick and see
What—[illegible]—old St. Nick had brought in the night,
(Just the things that they—[illegible]—) and left before
[illegible]
"And now," Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know."
While dear—[illegible]—d no—[illegible]—them—[illegible]—ld be,
Dessus—[illegible]—d no—[illegible]—At—[illegible]—them—[illegible]—ld be,
And told in soft wh—[illegible]—how Annie had died,
That their lit—[illegible]—so—[illegible]—ago dead,
Used to rock down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God, up in Heaven, had answered her
[illegible]
"Then we got up and prayed dost as well as we could,
And Dod answered our prayers. Now, wasn't he good?"
"I should say that He was; if He sent you all these,
And knew just what to—[illegible]—ay children would please.
Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself."
Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hot words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

A FLOWER OF THE SNOW.

[From the Galaxy for January.]

A woman stood on the high steps locking the schoolhouse door, and as she dropped the clumsy iron key into her basket and turned to go away, mechanically her eyes wandered over the familiar scene, the frozen water and bleak islands in front, the icy cliffs behind, and on either side the hoary of the little village, lifeless and buried in the snow of a six months' winter. "Desolation!" she murmured—"a land of [illegible]ation and death!" and descending the steps, she walked down the narrow path dug out between the snow drifts, unmelted month after month, and piled together with each successive storm until they formed a wall even with her head. The school-house thus left to itself for a week, the Christmas vacation, was a three-story square frame house, with rows of blindless windows that seemed to gaze like staring eyes down on the village below, and spy out all its sins. It was originally built as a dormitory for the Indians when they assembled on Giant Island for the annual payment; but the sons of the forest persistently refused to occupy the abode made ready for them, and although they were repeatedly escorted thither by the United States Agent, and although they repeatedly expressed in flowery hyperbole their admiration for the white man's lodge, just as repeatedly were they found wrapped in their blankets on the beach, the dormitory tenantless on the hill behind them. "No wonder they could not sleep there," was Miss Moran's thought, as the slow-speaking trustee told her the story while showing her the building where she was to rule; "ugly, white-washed piece of utility! An Indian, brought up in the gothic arches of the forest, with the free air of heaven to breathe, would stifle in those geometrically square rooms."

"And so they slept out doors, and were such fools that they never knew the comforts of a good warm house! But all Indians are born fools, you know, Miss Moran," concluded the trustee. And he but echoed the opinion of the whole frontier, and even expressed it mildly, as harsher epithets were generally used by the sailors and fishermen who formed the population of Giant Island.

The early Autumn came; the maples turned red and gold among the faithful pines, and let fall their leaves one by one through the still Indian Summer days; then one night a north wind came down upon the island and whirled them away, and at last even the juniper curled up, the larches ceased to beckon on the heights, and the gray moss shrank away from the pines. Winter began, the school opened, and Miss Moran found occupation for thoughts and hands in teaching and governing her motley throng of scholars, French-and-white, French-and-Indian quarter-breed, half-breed, and even pure-undiluted Chippewa—sturdy little rascals who did not know what truth was; and how should they, since it formed no part of the Indian's code of morals? It was hard work, for the schoolmistress had a conscience, and tried each day to do each day's duty faithfully. It was a contest—a contest of will; the will of one slender woman against the will of fifty, undisciplined, half-wild children. But the slender woman conquered.

The late Spring came reluctantly up from the south and thawed the black ice around the island; slowly the great blocks moved out to sea, and then a ship came round the point bringing news from "below," as the islanders called the outside world; the lights shown again in the deserted towers, and looking from her dormer windows the mistress saw in the east the gleam of Bois-Blanc, and far down in the west the flash of Waugoschance, showing the way through the straits. A green tinge came over the forests on the mainland, and the deep snows disappeared, not melting, as they do in warmer latitudes, but seeming to crumble into dust and blow away. More ships sailed through the south channel, the smoke of steamers was seen, and finally the junipers stretched out its fairy rings, and the larches held out their green hands again, and beckoned over the cliffs, as if saying to the distant ships, "Friends, come up hither." The Summer was short but vividly beautiful, and the mistress closed the school-house door, and spent the vacation abroad in the woods, among the dark pines, in the gay company of the water-maple, on the beach with the wash of little waves at her feet, or above on the bare cliffs with the golden sunshine warming her being into unwonted luxuriance. She blossomed, this pale bud, and one saw the unexpected bloom, and admired it, until in the warmth of admiration it opened into a red rose.

The fort on the height was garrisoned with the full complement of officers and the small number of men usually found at the western lake posts. A major, captain, two lieutenants, a surgeon, and chaplain, lived close together within the little stone inclosure, and Miss Moran who had made her home in the chaplain's house, found herself one of the military family, whether she willed you or no; but she willed you. Originally coming to Giant Island for her health, alone in the world save some distant New England cousins, educated in books but ignorant of life, a self-repressed, self-contained, hard-working woman, the idea of spending a year or two in this remote, isolated place had pleased her fancy, wearied with the monotony of a city public school. So she staid, and began life and love together; for as for the first time she loved, she realized that for the first time, also, she lived.

Maxwell Ruger, Lieutenant Second Infantry, U. S. A., a stalwart young Saxon, with close-cut, curly yellow hair, blue eyes with a steel glint in them, ruddy cheeks and fairy, blue-veined temples like a child—this was the knight who "flashed into the crystal mirror" of our modern Lady of Shalott. But no weakness, no boyishness accompanied this Saxon beauty: the bold outline and resolute mouth showed a will, while the ease of manner always found a way. Evidently, here was an accomplished young society man exiled on a rock.

Coming and going, Max Ruger noticed, at last, the girl coming and going also; pacing up and down the parade-ground, on bitter days, he saw on the opposite side a woman's figure wrapped in a gray cloak; reading by the window, the only reader in the garrison as he supposed, he observed some one at the opposite window bending over a book; changing to call on the chaplain one afternoon, he found George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," an abstract of Kant, and a book of Roman Catholic meditations, piled together on a side table.

"Your books, Dr. Burns?" he asked, idly opening one of them.

"Nay; they belong to the teacher, Mistress Moran," replied the old chaplain, taking a pinch of snuff.

"A sentimentalist, with ringlets, a drawl, and a sighing allusion to her past, I'll be bound!" thought Max.

The next morning he strolled over and found a pale, dark-eyed woman, cold, silent and uninteresting.

"Why does she read such books?" he thought; and having nothing better to do, he set to work to find out.

There is nothing more fascinating than discovery, and to ardent minds *terra incognita* is far more attractive than the home acres, however beautiful. Miss Moran proved to be totally without the usual feminine ways; free, frank and honest in her conversation, what she said had the charm of novelty to the society adept, and he found himself starting all kinds of subjects just to hear her opinions, which were often very unlike the cut-and-dried opinions of the fashionably world.

There is nothing more agreeable than to feel one's self perfectly appreciated and understood in all one's various moods. Argumentative Max found here a mind that followed his subtlest windings; that comprehended his half-expressed fancies; that understood his lightest touches of humor, and was ready to plunge with him into those deep-shaded waters of feeling over which society talk usually glides hastily, and fearing, half-ignoring their existence.

The first Winter passed, and these two were much together; she, one of many to him; he, the only one of all the world to her. The Summer brought its changes, gay company thronged the beautiful island, and maples saw city belles at their feet and no doubt wondered over them, the larches listened and heard sweet conversations, and the cliffs kept their own secrets. Then, who so gay as the handsome young officer? Who so much liked? Who so much engrossed? And yet Mistress Moran, as the chaplain called her, refused to see the truth, excused it to herself, denied it, and reluctantly held around her the old enchanted atmosphere, breaking away on every side in spite of her grasp. She lived on the garnered sweetness of the past, and revelled in a vague, indefinite poetry. Not that she made verses. Only the unsatisfied or unhappy women make verses. She lived her poetry instead of writing it, so that when, at last, the red and yellow came back to the maples, when the last Summer visitor had fled away southward, when Maxwell Ruger returned to seek his fellow exile, he found her full of sweetness—that sweetness that belongs only to a woman loving and loved. Ignorant as a child of the world and the world's ways, the mistress trusted implicitly. She loved: therefore she was loved. This was her creed. One Indian Summer Saturday, Miss Moran climbed the island's height and seated herself on the grassy mound of old Fort Holmes; idly she noted the ancient earthworks and tried to call up the combatants of a hundred years before; but the peace of the purple air filled her mind and drove away all thoughts save a warm, dreaming contentment, and when Max appeared through the vista of the colored maples she scarcely stirred, so harmonious seemed his presence with the place and hour. "Of what are you thinking?" said the soldier, throwing himself down beside her and taking off his cap. "Of you," she answered dreamily, turning her eyes toward her. The golden warmth lighted up her face, bringing the red to cheeks and lips and a softness to those deep eyes. Her soul had come to the surface and was looking out, and Max felt a strange thrill as for the first time something penetrated to the depths of his being. It is but seldom that souls see each other face to face in this world of masks and armor; sometimes there is a glimpse, sometimes a recognition, but instantly the visor is down again and all is a blank. In this case, however, there was no armor, no mask; and so beautiful grew the face with this soul-light in the eyes, that the young man involuntary bent his head and pressed his lips on the hand lying idle on a bunch of red leaves. "How beautiful you are!" he murmured. "What is your name, dear? You never told me."

"It is an old name—Flower; my mother was named so. Most people suppose that it is Flora, and I never correct them. But I should like you to know and use the name."

Neither spoke again; speech was not needed, but through the golden noon they sat together in the half sweet, half sad atmosphere of the Indian Summer, and Max read a whole heart history in those deep eyes, surrendered so fearlessly to his gaze. Some eyes are like oceans, and Flower's eyes had an ocean's depth.

Winter came; the last schooner with ice-coated rigging sailed around Bois-Blanc, the last steamer hurried through the western gate past Waugoschance, leaving the island alone in the freezing straits. The village sank into its Winter lethargy, the villagers plodded on in their little rounds wrapt in skins, the Indians slept through the twenty-four hours like their friends the bears, and the officers at the fort began to sweep the ice with spy-glasses in search of the welcome black speck, the dog-train that brought the mails from the outside world.

The schoolmistress attended to her daily duties, but she did not find them dull; an inspiration filled her life in her heart was entire confidence, and she asked nothing more than her Creator. She was entirely content. A more practical mind, or a mind more experienced in life would have questioned or planned. She did neither. She merely enjoyed the new happiness and gave no thought to the morrow. And yet, if any one had questioned her and pressed the subject upon her, no doubt the questioner would have found at the bottom the certainty that one day she would be Max's wife; this seemed to her as certain as the coming morrow.

One day, early in December, she lingered in the school-room after her scholars, with the many shouts and rough struggles on the stairs, had finally dispersed; the great stove, taking in long logs of wood, still glowed hot in the cold twilight, and the mistress sat by the hearth musing. At length a desire seized her—a desire to look off over the icy straits toward the south; and taking a key, she climbed up to the loft and out on to the roof of the high building, where, standing in the shadow of the chimney, she gazed over the frozen water and the blue mainland, and in imagination, further still—on to the land of orange and palm. Over the ice moved a black speck, the dog-train bearing the mails. She knew the carrier well, a sturdy Canadian Frenchman, whose boys were among her brightest scholars; this man came and went through the Winter, and to many island exiles he and his leader dog, Pierre, were the heroes of the year. The mistress, although she cared little for her few letters, appreciated the great dog who brought them, and often stopped to pat his shaggy head when he was off duty.

At length, dreamily as she had ascended, dreamily she went down, and made her way through the dusky hall to the schoolroom below. The sound of voices roused her, and through the half-open door she saw two persons, Max Ruger and pretty Jennie Brown, the old sergeant's daughter, a young girl she was teaching in her leisure hours. What they said she did not hear, but her eyes took in Max's half caress, the girl's evident pleasure, the hands clasped as though accustomed to each other; this she took in, and saw but one interpretation to the scene: "Max loved Jennie; Jennie loved Max." After an instant which seemed an hour, the pallid mistress turned away noiselessly, and mechanically retraced her steps to the roof. There amid the icicles she sat with uncovered head like a snow range until the night came. The feeling in her heart was like death; she seemed to be on the edge of a bottomless pit, and dark shapes with rustling wings mocked at her as they flew by. She never doubted the intensity of—[illegible]—that had just taken place, any more than she had doubted that other interpretation of the Indian summer idyl; she could not doubt; her mind was not of the analytical order. She could only feel, and feel intensely. The greatness of her love made the greatness of her despair; there was nothing half-way or conditional in either. Such natures are rare, but of such are the great ones of the earth made. Great for good, and, when blighted, great for evil also. Heaven help them!

As for comprehending what it really was, an idle flirtation brought about by propinquity and habit, that would have been impossible, even had it been explained to her; for the schoolmistress knew nothing of the ways of the world, and she could only judge others by her own intense self.

At length, frozen in soul and body, she slowly left the snowy roof, passed down through the dark halls, and climbed the hills toward the fort. Seeking the Sergeant's quarters, she entered without knocking, and found Jennie alone in the little room. Surprised and abashed at the sight of this unwonted visitor, the girl arose; but before she could put her words together, the mistress spoke, and strangely gentle was her voice. "Tell me, Jennie," said she, "does Lieutenant Ruger love you?" Ah! how that title sounded in the poor speaker's ears; to her he had ever been Max. The young girl blushed, as with downcast eyes she replied: "Yes'm; at least he says so." Ten times more knowledge of the world, twenty times more coquetry dwelt in this child's heart—an islander born and bred—than the educated woman of twenty-six who stood before her.

"And do you love him, Jennie?"

"I think he's very nice and handsome like, of course," began Jennie, puckering the hem of her apron, and wondering what the mistress could know about her little secrets; to Jennie Miss Moran seemed, as she expressed it, "old as the hills."

"Answer me, girl" cried the mistress, blazing into sudden excitement, as Jennie hesitated. "Maxwell Ruger loves you. Do you love him?"

"Yes'm, please, that is, I" faltered Jennie, beginning to cry; certainly this part of her flirtation was a most unexpected addition.

"That is enough," interrupted Miss Moran, sternly; then placing her hand under the dimpled chin, she raised the frightened face and looked long into the blue eyes. "It is a fair face," she murmured; "God bless you, child!" and was gone before the startled girl had recovered from her surprise.

"What a queer woman the mistress is!" she thought as she braided her hair. "I don't suppose she has any idea how many lovers I have had. Max Ruger makes eight, I do declare, and I am only just sixteen. Do I love him? she wanted to know—of course I do. I love them all. But, on the whole, I think I love Moses best."

Eight lovers! No, the mistress did not know it. She knew nothing of the versatile fancies of a village flirt, nothing of the inveterate habit of love-making which haunts young officers in times of peace (not in times of war, however; those late fiery years showed us the iron under the gilt); she only knew herself, and all night she wrestled with her love. The next day she went through her school duties in a state of torpor, but the evening brought again its agony; why is it that all pain is ever worst at night? A week passed, and then she came forth a changed woman, the bloom gone, the light gone, and a veil let down over those deep eyes. When she came to Giant Island she was a statue, and now she was a statue again; but in the meantime she had known what it was to be alive.

It is probable that Pygmalion's goddess found it very hard to get back into the marble again.

And Maxwell Ruger? Perplexity, astonishment and anger succeeded each other in his mind; it was with great difficulty he could find Miss Moran, and when he found her she was not there. That is, the open gaze was veiled, the sweet intentness had grown chilled, the earnest manner had turned repellant. He could not find in this closed, jaded [illegible] the rose that had opened under his gaze, red and fragrant. "It is a whim," he thought at first; "she will change soon." But Mistress Moran had no whims. "She is angry; that will pass before the week is out," was the next idea. But Mistress Moran felt no anger. Then he sought her out, and tried the old fascinating subjects of conversation; but, although he did his best, he elicited only a few unresponsive words in reply. He knew, then, how much he had depended upon that earnest answering mind that seemed but another self, only sweeter and more gentle. At length, baffled, disappointed and depressed, he left the statue to itself, and idly took up his little romance with the sergeant's daughter. To do him justice, he knew well that he had his full match in the village coquette, and also that she would probably end the game by marrying one of the storekeepers of the town. He had no suspicion that Miss Moran had discovered this pastime of his. Jennie had come to the school-house for a book, and he had come to walk back with the mistress; they met by accident, and both supposed Miss Moran had gone home. If Jennie afterwards suspected that her penchant had been discovered, she took care to keep her suspicion to herself, flirting, meanwhile, as much as she could with the handsome young officer, and keeping at the same time a quiet Scotch eye upon the village suitor whom she intended to accept in her own good time.

Another week passed, and, tired of his pastime, longing for the old look, the old voice, Max returned to his old habits; he followed the mistress to and from the school, he met her on her solitary walks, he called persistently at the chaplain's cottage. But she took to going to school by way of the icy cliffs, she changed her wonted routes, and finally refused to see him altogether. On Saturday, a clear, cold, dazzling day, Miss Moran slipped away from the fort, and turning into the snowy woods, made her way up to old Fort Holmes; here there was a firm ice-crust, and she raced to and fro in the cruelly cold sunshine, pursuing her constant labor of self-repression, educating herself for her future life with stern determination. Suddenly Maxwell Ruger stood before her. They had not met before for days, and the color surged into her face, as, taken by surprise, her eyes were for a moment their old look. Then the red faded, the lids dropped. "He loves her; she loves him," she repeated to herself, as if the words were a formula against evil. She knew but one kind of love, poor ardent heart!

"Flower, where have you been all these days? What have you been doing?" said Max, with a long look of his blue eyes; some eyes make one moment appear like five.

"Lieutenant Ruger, I have been learning a new life."

"Why new, Flower?"

"It must be so."

"Are you then tired of the old?"

"No; but it has forsaken me."

"You have forsaken it and me, Flower; and, oh, how lonely I have been!" said Max, speaking the truth with the impulse of a boy; the frank honesty of this woman seemed to draw out the truth, even when buried under mountains of conventionalities.

Again came the color, and the depth in the eyes; but she did not speak.

"Why have you changed so, Flower? You have made me suffer—suffer keenly," pursued the young man, watching her changing face.

"Suffer!" she answered, turning toward him with all her heart in her voice; *I* make *you* suffer?" And tenderly she took his hands in both her own, while the tears rose in her eyes.

"Yes; I have suffered, but not now," replied Max, irrepressibly drawn towards her. "You are more to me than any one else, Flower."

"That is false. You are a liar?" cried the mistress, springing away from him as the bitter thought of Jennie came into her mind. Strong words, perhaps; but they simply expressed her plain meaning.

"Miss Moran, I never forgive such accusations from man or woman" replied Max, pale with anger. He never so much as thought of Jennie; he had allowed himself to be carried on to an expression of real feeling; that was a great deal for him; and to be met in this way!

"Do I ask your forgiveness, Lieutenant Ruger? If is you who should ask—you who should suffer! Ah, no little know how I could love you. And you have chosen *her!* Do you, then, like dolls? Jennie is but a doll. No, no, I am all wrong. I am always wrong. What am I but a poor unlovely, unlovable woman, while you—Oh leave me to myself, or I shall die!" And as she uttered these wild words, with a cry of anguish Flower Moran turned and fled down the slope, disappearing in the snow-covered underbrush.

Maxwell Ruger made no attempt to follow her; with whirling thoughts he continued pacing up and down on the crest for hours. Like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, these words had pierced through all his coverings of worldliness, all his armor of pride, all his network of etiquette, and reached his heart. Flower loved him! This pale, silent woman loved him! This deep-blooming ardent girl loved him! And how did she love him? An instantaneous conviction filled his mind that such a love is never given but once to man.

But did he love her? Had he love this strange, poor, plain schoolmistress, no hinger, young, ignorant of the world, without friends or fortune? Quick thronging came objections, came obstacles, came the habits of a lifetime, came the great voice of society. "No, no, no!" they cried; "a hundred times no!" And the thinker quailed before these voices, and resolved to wait a while. "At any rate there need be no hurry whatever I decide," he said to himself, stifling the inward conviction of his heart. And the voices accepted this compromise, and let him go home, finally, to a restless afternoon and sleepless night.

The mistress lived through the last three days of school in alternating hope and despair; faint hope, fierce despair. Perhaps, after all, there was a shade of interest in her, poor and plain as she was; she said over and over to herself Max's half-tender words, and tried to make of them a hope. But her old habit of reliance on fact brought back Jennie's image; her uncompromising honesty showed her that she had no ground for hope, and she felt that she must flee. It was not pride. Poor girl! she had no pride. It was the instinctive feeling that sends the wounded hart into the shade to die. "I must go," she thought through the short sad day; "I must go," she moaned through the long wild night. The last hour of school came; she locked the door, and gave one last look at the scene before her; it was then that she murmured, "Desolation! a land of desolation and death!"

The next day, the eve of Christmas, the fires were not lighted in the school-house, for the week's vacation had begun. Maxwell Ruger noticed the absence of smoke from the chimney, and his thoughts turned to the upper room with the dormer window across the parade-ground. Then, angry with himself, he started off across the island with a party of soldier woodcutters for the day. "I am bewitched" he thought. "I will see what hard work can do to break through the web."

And while he was working with all his might in the snowy forests toward the north, over the frozen straits toward the south, went Flower Moran walking by the side of the dog-train, flying from him as he fled from her, the long journey in the bitter weather seemed as nothing to a long endurance of her bitter sorrow.

Toward night Max Ruger returned through the forest to the fort, half-blinded by driving snow. A northerly had come sweeping down from the eternal ice-fields, bringing with it one of those raging storms which are dreaded even in the semi-Arctic latitude of Giant Island. Half-frozen and breathless, Max reached the garrison inclosure at last. The day had been spent in vain warfare; neither the work nor the weather had been able to drive out the image of that one woman, and now, weary and child-like, he turned where his heart led him, to the chaplain's cottage. Here he found the old man alone by the fire. "It is a wildering evening," he said after some conversation, "and sad am I, Lieutenant Ruger, to think of the mistress out in this storm of Satan's devising. She may perish; and doubtless she had her good points—her good points."

"What?" cried Max, springing to his feet, with a chill rushing to his heart.

"Didn't you know she had gone, man? She went this noon with Antoine and the mail-train. She set her face like a flint—nothing would stop her. She gave me her books—much good they are, too—and she left her love for you."

"Her love for me!" repeated Max, with the sound of tears in his voice, as a gust shook the house. "Which route did they take?"

"To the mainland first; then she will go across the country to the first railroad; further than that she would not tell, but I suspect she will travel to Maine, where she has relatives."

In fifteen minutes Max Ruger was out on the ice, an old half-breed and Jaune, a veteran dog, the best pilot on the island, with him. "It is certain death," said the villagers, peeping through round holes made in the frost that covered their small windows by means of hot cents. But Max paid no attention to these prophecies. Combated long, wounded at every point, repressed, stifled and chained, love had at last broken its bonds and conquered. Now that she was gone, he knew that he loved this woman; now that she had fled, he must follow; he realized that life was a blank without her. The old doubts, determinations, and obstacles seemed so much chaff in the face of the overwhelming feeling that had at last risen to the surface. In forsaking, she had triumphed; in despairing, she had conquered. Though death itself lay in the path, reach her he must. "She left her love for me," he thought, as the fierce wind struck him in the open straits; "while I have that I have all."

The late afternoon found the dog-train steadily pushing southward; part of the way the mistress had ridden on the little sledge, but most of the time she preferred walking, unmindful of the fatigue. This carrier had expected to reach the first station early in the evening, but when the driving snow came down upon them he grew anxious; cold and colder blew the biting wind and icy grew the flakes, until each one stung like a missile. The air was dark with the storm, the cold benumbed the man's senses, he grew confused and lost his bearings; but the faithful dogs went steadily on, with the higher intellects humbly followed them. Bent by the force of the wind, blinded, chilled, stumbling over the hummocks, the two pushed on, hoping each moment to see the lights of the station, until suddenly one of the dogs faltered and seemed at fault, turning in his tracks as if trying to draw his companions in the opposite direction.

"It is Pierre, the wisest dog of all," said the carrier, despairingly; "now, may the Holy Virgin help us, for we are lost!" And falling upon his knees in the snow, he began to mutter incoherent prayers.

"Get up, Antoine; you will freeze to death!" cried the mistress, shaking his arm with all her strength, as she saw the fatal lethargy creeping over him. "See, are not those the lights?" And thus incited, the man struggled on a while longer; it was a contest of will. The will of the spirited woman kept the drowsy man from utterly failing. The strange glamour of freezing came over him and he longed to lie down in the soft, beautiful snow. The thought of his position as mail carrier kept him up for a time; then home, wife and children served to excite his waning courage, and last, the maxims of his religion. All these ideas were vividly kept before him by the mistress; but at last even these failed him; and as the darkness came, with that gentle obstinacy peculiar to such cases, he laid himself down and fell asleep—a sleep which, if unbroken before many hours, must end in death.

Thus was Flower left alone with the dogs. Lifting the unconscious man by slow degrees on the sledge, she covered him with furs, and then she went to Pierre, and bending down, put her arms around his neck. She was so utterly desolate, so utterly alone, that the great dog was like a friend. He seemed to understand, too—that wise old Pierre!—for after replying, as well as he could, to her caresses, he barked sharply at his cowering companions, as if to rouse them to a sense of duty, and, turning, led the way backward, going steadily on, as if sure of his direction. Thus they journeyed, the dogs, the sleeping man, and the lonely woman—on, on, over the ice.

Hours passed; the snow-clouds blew away, and the stars came out, each one bright as a new moon in the clear air; the cold grew more intense, and striking a match, the mistress saw that it was midnight! How many long hours were still before her! To stop was death, and mechanically she walked on. She began repeating to herself all the poetry she knew, verse after verse, with painful effort—anything to keep herself awake. Tennyson's lines seemed to come in with night, and over and over she said them:

Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon,
My breath to heaven like vapors goes,
May my soul follow soon!
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
Through all yon starlight keen
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.
He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her light below.
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of eternity
One Sabbath deep and wide;
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his Bride!

"Oh St. Agnes, help me!" she murmured. "If you can hear me (who knows? perhaps you can), have pity upon me." Then came dark thoughts tempting her to death. "Why not lie down and die?" said a voice to her ear. "Death will be easy and sweet."

"I will not be a coward," she answered, mutely.

"What have *you* to live for?" pursued the voice.

"To conquer myself."

"You cannot do it."

"I can!"

"Life will be long and lonely."

"I know it."

"He will marry."

"Yes; Jennie, or some one like her."

"After all, his is but a shallow soul."

"No so; his heart is noble; his soul is deep."

"Why, then did he not love you?"

"Thou mocking spirit, leave me! Do I not know that I am unlovely and unlovable? Am I not trying to do right? Have I not left all that is dear to me in life to follow my wretched, lonely way through the world? Get thee behind me, Satan!" and with an incoherent prayer the tempted soul struggled on in the torpid body.

A clear sky is ever the most pitiless. The bitter cold brought suffering, pain and torture to the wearied limbs, sounds in the ears, and lights dancing before the eyes. The mistress had but one thought, to walk on. Once she faltered. Pierre turned back and rubbed his shaggy head against her hand, with a dog's sagacity, foreseeing the danger. Roused, she went on, moved by machinery, and a verse came to her, as if written in letters of fire in the air:

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain. * * * He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

Over the ice came the pursuing party. They too had suffered in the blinding snow and freezing cold that followed; they too had lost the track and were following a dog, old Jaune, who stalked on steadily with three legs, and capered with the fourth after a fashion of his own. But they had brandy to aid them and five hours less of the cold, since they had not started until twilight. About midnight the brandy gave out, and the sensation of freezing seemed to creep through every vein; even Juano lagged behind, and scarcely noticed his master's voice.

Then the higher intellect assumed the sway. Max encouraged the drooping dog, spoke sharply to the failing half-breed, and kept his little band on and together. But not without effort. His own brain seemed assumption, which secretly loves. "You do Flower?" said Max, taking her hand tenderly.

"Oh, Max, I am so—so sorry!" whispered the mistress, her first speech, and at last breaking down in that sobbing of deepest joy that rankled deepest in her heart.

"You are not plain to me, Max; nor was she to any one that moment a beauty beauty of perfect happiness. had bloomed into a perfect.

And thus they were found on the Christmas morning in that old log Jean Mission, with a Canadian half-breed, and five dogs, for

THE LITTLE STOCKINGS; OR,

He will see sweet stockings
Warm in scarlet and delicate
Stockings that never have
Waiting his morning's
And other glad stockings that be
Grown larger, [illegible] than they
In many a pretty, half
They wonder, no doubt, if he
This Saint of the children,
Fairly filling each colored
Will touch clear [illegible]
With tears, I think, in
Ah! spite of his fame, he will
At the thought of
Whose curious looks are
Awake for him by the
Oh! you whose little hands
Toward his gray, kind beard
Whose little feet pause
With never a step or a
Have you found another
His Birthday Tree for your
Do you see in its branches the
Is it fair with the flowering

A Curious Ch—

When it became [illegible] Aunt Matilda was to [illegible] tree, the people of the [illegible] a great interest in the [illegible] ker and Dick Ford, two [illegible] the vicinity, volunteered [illegible] But when they went out [illegible] cut it, eighteen other [illegible] and little, followed [illegible] and some to give advice.

A very fine tree was [illegible] pine, ten feet high, and [illegible] it into Aunt Matilda's [illegible] not stand it upright, for the [illegible] woman's ceiling was very [illegible]

When Harry and K[illegible] school they were rather [illegible] so big a tree, but it was [illegible] that they thought they [illegible] After some consid[illegible] mined to erect it in a [illegible] by, which had no upper [illegible] high enough to allow the tree [illegible] satisfactory. This was, indeed [illegible] lent arrangement, for it was [illegible] the decoration of the Chri[illegible] secret from Aunt Matilda [illegible] completed.

The next day [illegible] and Kate went [illegible] A hole was dug in the [illegible] old cabin, and the [illegible] therein. It was very [illegible] little colored boy [illegible] by climbed nearly [illegible] without shaking [illegible] or five days the [illegible] tree went on. E[illegible] a great many [illegible] everybody seemed [illegible] thing to hang [illegible] brought a large [illegible] nations of her late [illegible] and Harry hung [illegible] den stars, and all [illegible] blue paper and [illegible] sugar pears, and [illegible] sorts, shapes and [illegible] Harry had a steg[illegible] and five colored [illegible] he stood on it and [illegible] Very soon the neighb[illegible] their contributions [illegible] stout woolen do[illegible] a lower branch; [illegible] was not to be diverted [illegible] idea, sent an army [illegible] arranged around the [illegible] as to look as much [illegible] moss, Mr. Darby, [illegible] sent a large paper bag [illegible] bag of tea, which [illegible] lower branches. [illegible] she ought to do [illegible] tributed a peck of [illegible] each tied to a [illegible] from the branches. [illegible] thews, who did not [illegible] neighbors in gener[illegible] bacon, which look[illegible] it hung about the [illegible] Other people [illegible] meal, packages of [illegible] flannel petticoat[illegible] contributed, and [illegible] which were fi[illegible] nuts by the com[illegible] the school child[illegible] and old Mrs. Sarah [illegible] else to spare, [illegible] which was [illegible] tree. Kate did not [illegible] of the jug, and she [illegible] strings of glitter[illegible] shoulder of bacon she [illegible] berries and holly [illegible] tuted a bright red [illegible] Matilda's head, and [illegible] which was yellower [illegible] such a thing could be [illegible] the general exper[illegible] which were not trifl[illegible]

When Christ[illegible] Eve body came to see Aunt [illegible] mas tree. Kate and [illegible] superintending the [illegible] and about fifty or sixty [illegible] and white, were [illegible] closed door of the old [illegible] was ready Aunt Matilda [illegible] which the old [illegible] all been deposited [illegible] handed it to Joe Darling [illegible]

"I deeply regret this [illegible] My ruin! ruin!—utter ruin!" [illegible]

Old Joe read the announ[illegible] ed by as many of the [illegible] sinking heart, and silent [illegible] friend.

"The Lord's will be done [illegible] "you might have had all [illegible] penniless. Your trouble[illegible] mine. Any letters, sir, [illegible] mail? Any resources; o[illegible] telligence?"

"No resources, Joe, and [illegible] most worse than all."

"Worse, sir?

mail-carrier joined in devoutly, the breed following as well as he could. the mistress knelt by the bench and ed out her thankful heart in silent Max, moved nearer to her and her hand; he was jealous even of

the scales of compensation are balbetter than we know! Her great bad gained a greater love in return. the hut amen had been said, well Ruger rose, a gravity that was ut solemnity rested upon him, as with ary brevity, he said, Father Ronan, you marry us now—Miss Moran and lf? We are quite ready "

ry burst from the mistress's lips, it the involuntary protest of the fond nature against that masculine assumption, which nevertheless it stly loves "You do not object, er?" said Max taking her hand ten-

h, Max I am so—so—so plain" whisd the mistress breaking down in her ch, and at last bringing out the thorn rankled deepest in her heart You are not plain to me, darling," said , nor was she to any one else From moment a beauty came to her, the ity of perfect happiness The flower bloomed into a perfect rose nd thus they were married, on Christ morning in that old log house at St. n Mission, with a Canadian mail-carrier, lf-breed, and five dogs for witnesses.

LITTLE STOCKINGS OR CHRISTMAS EVE

ll see sweet stockings cunning and new rm in scarlet and dainty in white— ings that never have crept in a shoe— ting his morning a cock-crowed light.

glad stockings that he should know orn larger perhaps, than they were last year, any a pretty, half sleepy row — h? no doubt, if he is near

— of the children who loves them so, rly filling each colored space — with his kiss—and go th tears, I think in his tender face.

of his size, he will shiver I fear, h — of some stocking bright and — are no longer here rabe for him by the lonely wall!

you whose little hands reach no more — his gray, kind beard in their dimpled play, — feet passed through the great dim Door, th — a step or a sound away

— shorter, who lights with love — Yule for your charmed eyes? — see in his — the snow white Dove in air with the flowering fruit of the skies"

A Christmas Tree.

When it has become generally known that Aunt Matilda was to have a Christmas tree, the people of the neighborhood took great interest in the matter John Wallace and Dick Ford, two colored men of shabby, volunteered to get the tree — they want out into the woods to it. — them other colored people, big and little, followed them, some to help — to give advice

A very fine tree was selected It was a — ten feet high, and when they brought into Aunt Matilda's cabin, they could it stand it upright, for the old colored — a ceiling was very low

When Miss — Kate came home from — they were sher surprised to see a big a tree, but when such a fine one they thought they must have it — never seen before, and it was determined to set it in a deserted cabin, near — which it so happened floor, and was to allow the — to stand up

This was, indeed, an exceedingly — tree, for it was better to keep — of the Christmas tree a secret from Aunt Matilda until all was ready.

The next day was a holiday, and Harry and — went earnestly to work — was dug in the clay floor of the — and the tree planted firmly

It was very firm indeed, for — and boy named Josephus a Bible — it nearly to the topmost branch — it very much. For four days the work of decorating the — Everybody talked about — laughed at it, and many — ed inclined to give — upon its branches. — a large box containing the dice — of herlate Christmas tree, and — Harry hung sparkling balls, and — and silver fishes, and red — pine angels, and candy swans, and — pears, and glittering things of — shapes and sizes upon the boughs — had a step-ladder, and Dick — stood on it and tied on the ornaments — soon the neighbors began to send — contributions. Mrs Loudon gave — wooden dress which was draped over — branch, while Mr Loudon, who — not to be diverted from his original — sent an army blanket, which — around the root of the tree — to look as much as possible like — Mr Darby, who kept the store — a large paper bag of sugar and a — of tea, which were carefully hung on — branches Miss Jane Davis thought — ought to do something, and she — a peck of sweet potatoes, which — tied to a string, were soon dangling — the branches Then Mr Truly Mather, who did not wish to be behind his — in generosity, sent a shoulder of — which looked quite magnificent as — about the middle of the tree — bought sent bars of soap, bags of — of smoked tobacco, and — of stockings — A pair of shoes was — with apples and hickory — were filled with candies — by the considerate Kate Several — the school children gave sticks of candy, — old Mrs. Sarah Page, who had nothing — to spare, brought a jug of molasses — which was suspended near the top of the — Kate did not fancy the appearance — the jug, and she wreathed it with — strings of glittering glass balls, and the — shoulder of bacon she stuck full of red — and holly leaves Harry contributed a bright red handkerchief for Aunt — Matilda's head, and Kate gave a sunflower, — which was yellower than a sunflower, if such a thing could be And Harry had — general expenses of the "entertainment" — which were not trifling

When Christmas Eve arrived every — body came to see Aunt Matilda's Christmas tree Kate and Harry were inside — superintending the final arrangements, — and about fifty or sixty persons, colored — and white, were gathered around the — closed door of the old cabin When all — was ready Aunt Matilda made her appearance, supported on either side by Dick — Ford and John Walker, while Uncle Brad — dock, in his many-colored dressing-gown, — followed close behind Then the door was — opened, and Aunt Matilda entered followed by as many of the crowd as could get — in It was certainly a scene of splendor — A wood fire blazed in the fire place at one — end of the cabin, while dozens of tallow — candles lighted up the tree The gold and — silver stars glistened, the many colored — glass balls shone among the green pine — boughs, the shoulder of bacon glowed — like a bed of flowers while the jug — molasses hung calm and serene surrounded by its glittering bonds A murmur — of admiration and delight arose — No one had ever seen such a Christmas — tree before Every bough and every — branch bore something useful as well as — ornamental

As for Aunt Matilda for several moments she remained speechless with — delight At last she exclaimed —

"Laws a massy! It's worth while being — good for ninety five years to get such a — tree at last!"—*From "What Might Have Been Expected" by Frank R Stockton in Nicholas for January*

In olden times the revels began be — Christmas Eve were continued often — Candlemas, early in February, — being a holiday till Twelfth Night, January 6th

Daily Oregonian.

EVENING, DECEMBRE 25, 1874

HANG UP MY STOCKING

— Know I am grown — and wrinkled with sixty-five years, — made on Christmas to children alone, — but fretting and worry and tears!

— St. Nicholas knows — they are simple and few — ten miles long must enclose — million in greenbacks—or two

— my stocking" I'll hurry to bed — the daylight within it to peep— — should miss him by failing to sleep

— stocking! Ah! many a year — Christmas my stocking I hung — each morning, appear — hearty as when I was young

— for mark you I've had — doing is numbers of things — indifferent others quite bad — some gifted for kings

— One day of my life — next morning I rose — out from the top was a wife— — with gladness St. Nicholas knows

— These children around — the saint, though on other days spent — of more value profound — to be lost, or than wealth to be spent

— with the boys'— — the order! What faces they pull' — the bottom of all their noses! — their stockings at least will be full.

— In vain by the way — will not pleasure say — for me to the Father to pray — children were praying to Him

—Thomas Du in English.

THE FLOWER OF THE DAISY.

A Christmas Story.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE

I

— just a — before Christmas, — on his three-legged stool, in — room of the great house of — Brothers, old Joe Darling, — Keeper of the first, was — his evening night's entries, — a hand was laid on — and turning his head, he — gray-haired employer, the — the — beside him.

— last time, my old friend," said — pointing to the ledger, — evening decides every- — and happens before — January, Worthington Brothdoors, and wind up business.

— Listened to these — words, and a tremor ran —

— that I don't say that, Mr — he exclaimed. And — his bald forehead with his — handkerchief as he spoke — Worthington Brothers — sir"

— that, Joe," returned the — with a heavy sigh "I see — things. The great failures — involved us— — pped, with a gloomy ex- — eyes "so that on or be- — January," he added, "the — doors I could bear — I think that the name — Brothers will be—dis-

— merchant broke down — his hand, and cried, — voice

— —don't say that, sir! — —dishonored! It is

— —utter ruin!" groaned — —

— the boys, sir, I— — a little — you draw from his pocket-book, — hands, certificates of de-

— — — in your — made—there's not a — in it, sir. It is "yours—

— the papers into the mer- — But Mr. Worthington — friend," said the merchant, — —, but giving in a voice of — —no, that is not the way — Brothers do business! If — be honestly—alone after — tion. We will not drag — our friends, and you, Joe, are our — and best. No, the house has kept — for fifty years. If ruin — we will go down alone It is not — It will do my duty, and trust in — to the end"

— he spoke, the old merchant went to — and took out a roll of bank-notes — directed the various employees to — for, and paid them all up to the — of the week He had a kind word for — and an inquiry for every man's — or concerns, and then he turned — But the men did not go

"What are you waiting for, my friends? — I assist you in any manner?" asked — merchant

"If you please, sir," said the foremost of — party, "we would like to leave our — money in your hands Eh"

— the speaker turned toward his — companions, who uttered a hoarse — assent.

"Leave your money in my hands?" said — merchant.

— sir," — the reply. "We — all how times are hard with Worthington Brothers, and the house in difficulties

Now, we don't want our — Mr. Worthington. Eh? Do you" — looked towards those in the — ground, and replied.

— added, — sir, that we are not in want — Mr. Worthington!"

— with deep emotion, — honest faces. — thanks, my kind friends" — you see what it is to try to — This proof of your friendship — Such a small sum, be- — be of little service to me — keep it, and may God bless you

— employees retired on this, not dar- — said, to intrude further on the — of the house.

"Father in heaven, I thank Thee!" — the merchant, and turning — he picked up the evening paper to — As his eye fell upon — a paragraph attracted his attention It announced the failure of the bank in — which the old book-keeper's savings had been deposited With a sigh, he — to Joe Darling, and said

"I deeply regret this, my old friend — enough!"

— Joe read the announcement with a — heart, and echoed the sigh of his —

"The Lord's will be done, sir!" he said, "you might have had all—but I am now — Your trouble is greater than mine Any letters, sir, by to night's — Any resources, or important intelligence?"

"No resources, Joe, and bad news—always worse than all"

"Worse, sir?"

"Yes, yes You remember my son — Charley—of course you remember him — You know he went about two years — to live with Van Zandt & Co, at Antwerp?"

"Yes, sir. What of him? Don't tell — he is not dead, sir?"

"No—that pang is spared me, but I have bad, very bad news of Charley, my — I wrote recently announcing our — tion, and recommending his return, — Mr. Van Zandt & Co replied that — he left them nearly a year ago,"

"Left them?"

"Yes, yes. He had fallen into evil — , and they reprimanded him—

— when he went off no one knows where Letters were written to me by the house, but they must have miscarried Nothing has since been heard of Charley I fear he has taken to more evil ways still He may be dead indeed" Unhappy that I am! all connected with me seems to turn out badly!"

The merchant uttered a groan Old Joe looked at him with deep commiseration

"I am still more unfortunate than you are, Mr Worthington," he said in a low tone "I had a son—a noble boy—he is dead, sir! You knew my Edmund" He was so handsome so spirited, so bold, and he was lost at sea He was on a whaler—the ship foundered, and the crew were lost. My poor Edmund! We are truly two unfortunate fathers, sir"

There the conversation ended and the merchant and book keeper separated

Throughout the following week untiring efforts were made to collect the resources of Worthington Brothers But slight success crowned the merchants efforts to rescue the house Friends of past years seemed to have grown cold, and regretted their inability to render assistance, and it was only by great sacrifices that the house succeeded in making all payments up to the day before Christmas In this, however the firm succeeded, and, as Mr Worthington locked his safe, and put on his hat, he drew a long breath of relief Then, taking his old book keeper's arm, he went homeward with a thankful heart, and, as they separated at the corner, he murmured

"Let us keep a good heart yet, old friend"

II

Christmas morning and the snow was falling, and the wind whirling all about like mad A thousand goblins seemed laughing and turning somersets and hailing each other as they sported around the gables and whistled and rumbled in keyholes and chimneys, wild with mirth at the coming of Christmas, and old Joe Darling's small house, in a remote street of the great city, seemed especially honored by the hobgoblins, who shook the windows till they rattled again

A great fire was burning, and the breakfast table was set, and old Joe rubbed his hands in front of the blaze and looked out of the window, when a voice behind him with a rush of laughter in it, and sounding like silver bells, exclaimed

"Christmas gift, father, dear! I've caught you"

Old Joe turned around As he did so a pair of rosy lips pressed his cheek, and two arms clung around his neck, belonging to a little fairy of seventeen

"Why, you look like a sunbeam, Daisy," he said

And indeed the face resembled one, so brilliant was the light of the eyes Daisy was small, with a neat, cozy figure, in a plain but pretty dress, and you saw at a glance that this was one of those nimble-fingered fairies who are the blessings of the houses in which they rule

Her father smiled, and fondly passed his hand over her hair As he gazed at her, he thought of his well-nigh penniless condition and heaved a sigh

"Poor little lady-bird! I have nothing for you" he said, sighing again

But Daisy did not seem to regard the circumstance as at all depressing On the contrary her face glowed, and turning her bright head toward one side she whispered

"I've got a Christmas gift for you, father dear!"

"Have you? Now, you've gone and worked your little fingers to the bone It is a cravat, or—"

"No, indeed, I've done nothing of the sort—that is not your present"

The rush of joyous laughter in the girl's voice nearly drowned her words. She seemed bursting to reveal some secret Their talk was interrupted, however, by the appearance of Mother Darling and her flock, with old Uncle John, looking wise and secretive

Daisy had procured, somewhere, the handsomest Christmas-tree imaginable—a bushy cedar, full of light blue berries, and, having returned from church, whither she went dutifully with the rest, she proceeded, with the aid of Uncle John, her prime friend and favorite, to deck the wondrous tree with its brilliant ornaments As evening drew on it was finished, and erected on the sideboard—its paper baskets, and presents, and tapers, making it a magical spectacle to the young Darlings, who gazed at it with open-eyed wonder

Then the Christmas dinner appeared, and riveted all eyes. The great roast turkey, and round of beef and flanking side-dishes, aroused wild enthusiasm in the young ones old Joe devoutly said grace —and the youthful members of the Darling family, chirping like a flock of birds, called each other's attention to the splendid banquet

All sat down Old Joe looked round "There's one seat too many," he said

"I set it there, brother," said Uncle John, tranquilly.

"For whom, brother? Have you invited some friend?"

"No, brother! I thought of our Edmund"

The old book keeper looked wistfully at his brother, and then went and held out his hand to him.

"Thank you, brother," he said, in a low voice, returning to his seat

When the first pang had passed, it seemed a satisfaction to old Joe to gaze at the vacant chair, and to think of his son as present and enjoying their happiness And when at last the dessert came, and the wine was poured out, the old man looked toward the vacant chair as he raised the glass to his lips

Suddenly the voice of Daisy rang out, half choked with laughter

"Why, we are forgetting our tree!" she cried, "we are really losing sight of our tree, uncle, dear Did anybody ever"— And, not waiting for 'anybody' to reply, Daisy started up, and, assisted by Uncle John, bore the magical cedar in its great box, covered with evergreens, to the center of the table

Night had come now, and the tapers on the tree were lit. As the fairy spectacle of many colored baskets, candy cornucopias, and presents of needle-work, and books, and garlands, flashed forth in the light of the tapers—as this splendid Christmas tree burst forth on the eyes of all—the young Darlings uttered a suppressed cheer, and "Pet" in curls and a pinafore, made a reckless and desperate attempt to climb upon the board and carry the prize at the point of his baby spoon

"No, Pet" cried Daisy "wait till sister gives you yours! But first, Uncle John is going to tell a beautiful story! Will you listen, father, dear, and mother? It is lovely!"

The rush of laughter in the voice made all look at Daisy Why did the child's cheeks flush so, and why that dazzling light in her eyes?

But now Uncle John suddenly riveted everybody's attention For the moment he was the center of excited interest for the whole Darling family He seemed to feel the responsibility resting upon him He reflected for a moment—smiled dreamily, thrummed on the table, and then began

"The tale I am going to relate, my dear young friends," said Uncle John, "I must first inform you is strictly true in every particular It was written down by the king of the Gems, and then caught up in the beak of a great bird called a roc—and the Prince Camaralzaman, having been shipwrecked on a desert island where the bird came to feed, killed the roc, and the story has been in the palace of Bagdad, where the prince lived, ever since"

At this commencement the Darlings exhibited an astounded interest As to Pet, his excitement was beyond the power of words His eyes resembled two saucers—his mouth opened to its utmost width—and, in the excess of his attention, he very nearly swallowed his baby spoon No one looked at Daisy With one hand shading her eyes from the light and the other placed upon her breast, she looked at Uncle John, or furtively toward her father

Uncle John continued

"Having told you my dear children how the story came to be known, I will next proceed to relate it for your entertainment

"There once lived in the city of Bagdad an old merchant whose name was Barilzac, which, being translated is Worthyman He had a clerk named Abou ben-darling—not unlike the name of our own family—and for a long time Aoou ben-darling served the good merchant Barilzac whose caravans brought to Bagdad all the treasures of the East But misfortune came. The caravans were overwhelmed in the sands of the desert The moment was near when Barilzac would probably be compelled to strew dust upon his head, and wander through the streets of Bagdad, crying 'Barilzac, the merchant, is ruined!'

This happened," continued Uncle John, "just before the great festivity which come on the twenty fifth day of the month of Snows Abou ben-darling came home that day thinking of the misfortunes of his patron, and also of a great suffering of his own—for all of us must suffer, my children His only son had been lost at sea, and the heart of Abou ben darling was sad. He returned to hold the festivity of the cedar tree, but his heart felt heavy 'Abou ben darling is miserable,' he said, 'there is no man more miserable'

As he thus spoke his daughter Parisanou approached him The name Parisanou, my children, signifies the Flower of the Daisy She came now to Abou ben-darling, and kissing him in the eastern manner, said 'O father dear! O Abou-ben darling! do not despair! Behold, the feast is set, and the holy cedar-tree blazes, the tapers thereon shine like stars, and many gifts hang down from the boughs of the wondrous tree'"

Here Pet suddenly burst forth—"Why it's like our tree!" he cried, only he left out the r in "tree"

"Silence, Pet, do not interrupt!" said Uncle John "I continue Abou-ben darling sighed when his daughter thus spoke.

"'Truly, Flower of the Daisy,' he said, 'thy cedar tree shines but my heart is dark and there is no gift thereon for me!

"'There is a gift for our father,' said Parisanou, or Flower of the Daisy, and as she spoke there was a curious, hidden laughter in her voice 'There is a gift that our father will value more than all else—a package with his name on it, from a distant land.'"

They did not look at Daisy, who was trembling, and whose hand scarcely possessed strength to draw a letter from her bosom.

Uncle John continued

"And Abou ben-darling said 'Where is this package, my child?' to which the Flower of the Daisy replied

"'Father, dear, it is here' See, I take it from the boughs of the holy cedar tree and give it to you'"

As Uncle John uttered these words Daisy sprang forward with a letter in her hand

"Here it is, father dear!" she cried, bursting into tears and laughter "It nearly killed me not to tell you! Oh, take it, take it! Our Edmund is not dead!"

And, throwing her arms around old Joe's neck, she sobbed upon his bosom, while, with eyes full of wonder, he read the letter from his son. As he read on he seemed to doubt whether he was reading a real letter His eyes closed, he uttered a sigh, and would have fainted, had not Uncle John caught him in his arms.

The letter was written to Daisy by her brother Edmund He had been picked up in the Pacific and carried to the South Seas by a trading vessel—thence he had worked his way to California—encountered Charles Worthington roaming about in the gold regions—they had speculated there and made great fortunes, and were coming home in the next steamer That was the letter.

As old Joe grew faint, Pet suddenly ran behind his mother's apron, uttering an appalling scream

At the door stood a tall young man with a ferocious beard

"How are you, father and mother, and uncle, and Daisy?"

They ran into his arms, uttering cries and sobs The sailor was home again, never to leave them more, and as Daisy rested on her brother's arms, with her rosy cheek upon his breast, she said, laughing and crying

"Father dear! do you like your Christmas gift?"

The windows shook as she spoke—it was doubtless the merry goblins highly pleased with themselves and everybody else, and the holy night, the happy blessed night, went on its way full of joy and gratitude

A year afterward—strange to say—Christmas came again! and saw the house of Worthington Brothers prosperous, and old Joe happy, and Charles the husband of the Flower of the Daisy And again the cedar tree was lit and spread around its cheerful light, and the loud wind laughed, and the merry goblins seemed to shout,

"A merry merry Christmas!"

Herd of Camels in Nevada.

On a ranch on the Carson river, eight miles below the mouth of Six Mile Canyon, is to be seen a herd of twenty six camels, all but two of which were born and raised in Nevada But two of the old herd of nine or ten brought here some years ago are now living It would seem that the original lot fell into the hands of Mexicans who treated them very badly, overloading and abusing them The man who now have them are Frenchmen, who had formerly some experience with camels in Europe They find no difficulty in rearing them, and can now show twenty four fine healthy camels all of Washoe growth The camel may now be said to be thoroughly acclimated in the State The owners of the herd find it no more difficult to breed and rear them than would be experienced with the same number of goats and lambs Their ranch upon which they are kept is sandy and sterile in the extreme, yet the animals feast and grow fat on such prickly shrubs and bitter weeds as no other animals would touch When left to themselves their great delight after filling themselves with the coarse herbage of the desert, is to lie and roll in the hot sand. They are used in packing salt to the mills on the river, from the marshes lying in the deserts some sixty miles to the north ward They have animals that easily pack 1,100 pounds

Feats of Pedestrianism.

Miss Richards, the English girl who recently concluded, at Stapleton, near Bristol, the astounding feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, is the first one of her sex to exhibit so extraordinary an example of physical activity One cannot venture to surmise in these days of female emancipation, how soon her exploit will be rivalled by some equally ambitious and strong-limbed woman Meantime, there stand on the page of history two records of similar deeds of pedestrianism accomplished by masculine athletes The first was put down in 1809 when Captain Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, winning thereby £10,000 The wagers staked on this match amounted to £100,000 The second event of the kind was noted in 1811, when Thomas Standen of Sandhurst, near Silver Barracks accomplished a stroll of 1,100 miles in as many successive hours Mr Standen was 60 years old at the time he indulged in this prolonged constitutional

Keep Ammonia in the House.

No housekeeper should be without a bottle of spirits of ammonia for besides its medical value, it is invaluable for household purposes It is nearly as useful as soap, and its cheapness brings it within the reach of all. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of warm soap-suds, dip in a flannel cloth and wipe off the dust and fly specks, and see for yourself how much labor it will save No scrubbing will be needful It will cleanse and brighten silver wonderfully. Add a pint of suds mix a teaspoonful of the spirits, dip in your silver spoons forks, etc, rub with a brush and polish with chamois skins

For washing mirrors and windows it is very desirable put a few drops of ammonia on a piece of paper and it will readily take off every spot or finger mark on the glass It will take out grease spots from every fabric, put on the ammonia nearly clear lay blotting paper over the place and press a hot flat-iron on it for a few moments A few drops sprayed with water will clean laces and whatever them as well, also muslins Used at most a refreshing agent at the toilet table a few drops in a basin of water will make a better bath than pure water and if the skin is oily it will remove all blossoms and disagreeable odors Added to a foot bath it entirely absorbs all obnoxious smells often arising from the feet in warm weather and nothing is better for cleaning hair from dandruff and dust Dip the hair brush and nail brushes it is equally good Put a teaspoonful of ammonia into one pint of water and shake the brushes through the water When they look whitened rinse them in water and put them in the sunshine or in a warm place to dry The dirtiest brushes will come out of this bath white and clean

For medical purposes ammonia is always unrivalled For the headache it is a desirable stimulant, and frequent inhaling of its pungent odors will often entirely remove catarrhal colds There is no better remedy for heartburn and dyspepsia, and the aromatic spirits of ammonia is especially prepared for those troubles. Ten drops of it in a wine glass of water are often a great relief The spirits of ammonia can be taken in the same way, but it is not as palatable

In addition to these uses, the effect of ammonia on vegetation is beneficial If you desire roses, geraniums fuchsias, etc, to become more flourishing, you can try it upon them by adding five or six drops to every pint of warm water that you give them, but don't repeat the dose oftener than once in five or six days, lest you stimulate them too highly So be sure and keep a large bottle of it in the house and have a glass stopper for it, as it is very evanescent and also injurious to corks

Painting Floors.

Having had some experience with both oiled and painted floors, I unhesitatingly recommend the former If some uniform dark tint is wanted, like black walnut mix burnt umber with boiled linseed oil and rub it in thoroughly with a woolen cloth The umber can be bought in boxes containing a pound and upwards, already ground in oil which is most convenient as that sold in a dry state is apt to be coarse and rough. The depth of tint is varied by using more or less of the color, while the tone may be warmed, if desired, by adding burnt sienna If an imitation of the hard some ash and walnut floors is preferred, rub every alternate board with pure boiled oil, and use a paint brush to apply the dark staining, taking care not to have enough on the brush to spread on the part intended to be light Leave the floor for a day or two to dry, though the only harm done by using it immediately is that the oil is liable to be tracked over the other parts of the house. The great advantage an oiled floor possesses over a painted one is that when marked or scratched, some oil rubbed over the spots removes them, and it is never necessary to repeat the whole process again. All that is needed to keep the floor bright and fresh, is to occasionally rub it over with a cloth wet with a little oil or kerosene, as you would treat oiled furniture A piece of oil carpet or a newspaper may be spread before entrances to other rooms for a few hours, to prevent the possibility of carrying away footprints, or the extra oil may be rubbed off with dry woolen cloths No doubt, after a while, our sensible American housewives will, like their trans-Atlantic sisters, discard the dusty carpet from all but a few rooms, and fashion will replace the extravagant Axminster by the no less expensive inlaid floors of various woods and patterns now winning their way into popular favor

Household Recipes.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter

Sixty degrees is the right temperature to keep milk, in winter or summer, to produce the most cream and make the best butter

SOFT GINGER CAKES.—Five cups of flour, four eggs one cup of sugar, one of butter, one of sour milk half cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of soda. Roll out and bake.

LADY CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups sugar, one cup milk, whites six eggs, one quart flour, one teaspoonful soda in the milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar in the flour flavor to taste, make two cakes.

TO POLISH TIN.—Rub your tins with a dry cloth, then take dry flour and rub it on with your hands afterward, then take an old newspaper and rub the flour off, and the tins will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent rubbing them with brick-dust or powder, which spoils hands.

AMERICAN RAISED WAFFLES.—One pint of sweet milk, one heaping teacupful of butter, three eggs, a teaspoonful of thick brewer's yeast one quart of flour, and another teacupful of sweet milk, in which is dissolved a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda Let it rise until light, then bake as other waffles Serve with butter and sugar

Grasshoppers as Food.

In view of the famine which Minnesota is now suffering in consequence of the ravages of the grasshopper, the editor of the *Naturalist* gravely advises the people to unite and devour the pests in turn devouring them From his own personal knowledge he states that the grasshopper makes a very palatable article of diet, when killed by boiling water and fried in butter Care should be taken however, to cook the insect thoroughly, as it is apt to be infested with parasites that the hard—the hair snake, for instance, which, as we have heretofore mentioned, has a habit of occupying large for a good portion of its life in the interior apartments of the grasshopper In portions of Africa and West ern Asia, and we may add Western America the grasshopper is eaten with great gusto The Arabs the Hottentots and the Hindoos, like theirs roasted whole, minus the legs, or roasted and afterward powdered and made into cakes Various modes of serving grasshopper steaks might be devised by the ingenious Blots of the Minnesotonians and as necessity is said to be the mother of invention, no doubt the sharpened wits of a hungry people, once set at the task, would produce miracles in the way of grasshopper roasts and stews, not to speak of grasshopper sausage and grasshopper hash A not secondary advantage resulting from this course of diet etcs would be the depletion of the hordes of obnoxious jumping jacks that are now carrying all before them, save the starvation which they leave in their track

CORONATION RAISED.—A young minister once gave out 'Coronation' in this wise 'Joy to the Lord the world has come'

Probably few of his people would have noticed the mistake, people do take things so quietly in church, had not the minister discovered it and reread the line correctly As he had brought his new wife to the parsonage only a day or two before, some people smiled.

Walking Horses.

It is hardly possible to take up a journal during the summer and autumn, without seeing either items or extended accounts of what horses have accomplished in trotting or running We scarcely ever see accounts of their endurance in hauling loads at a given pace, or the number of miles they have accomplished in a given number of hours at a walking gait, and yet this, practically, is of far more importance than their endurance at speed

Agricultural fair managers, who might not inaptly be called "agricultural horse trot managers," advertise widely the large amounts devoted as premiums for trotting and running but not a word as to horses exhibiting the greatest endurance at speed at a walking gate Why not? 'Oh, it will not draw the crowd" Very well, if agricultural fairs are simply intended to draw out that class of humanity whose end and aim in life is trotting and running horses, and betting thereon, well and good

There is however, now and then an individual who, while he admires this noble animal at speed, very well knows that this eternal pandering to mere speed is not only vitiating the taste of the public, but also is tending to breed out other valuable traits that can ill be spared

A good walking horse should make, at that gait, an average of four miles an hour How many can do it? Very few Why so? The walking gait has ceased to be cultivated

By the careful training of ambitious and active horses, they may be made to walk five miles an hour as easily as the ordinary horse now walks three There is no reason why an average pace of four miles an hour should not be kept up with ordinary loads throughout the day In the day's travel, this would make a gain of ten miles, and the trained horse would have accomplished forty miles as against the thirty miles for the untrained one, and this just as easily to the horse of spirit as to the one with the slower gait If the horse has not the mechanical structure for this gait, of course he cannot do it Having it, it may be brought out just as easily as a trotting or running gait, and if premiums were given for this purpose at our agricultural fairs, it would be found that individual horses would be able to make, not only five mile an hour, but some of them six The naturally fast walker, when trained, will even do a given amount of work, at the increased pace, easier than at the slow pace This we know from experience

The energy displayed among all classes of breeders has been directed constantly to reduce and degrade the walking gait, and, as a consequence, we find, each year, fewer and fewer fast-walking horses This spirit has pervaded our fair rings, until now it is difficult to find a premium offered for the fastest walking horse. In looking over the premium lists already received by us for 1874, embracing nearly all the Western States, we find only two premiums offered for walking horses—one by Kansas City (Missouri) Industrial Exposition, and the other by Northeastern Iowa Agricultural Society. We are glad to be able to chronicle these two, and hope that the number may be yearly increased until the fast-walking horse shall at least be regarded on a par with other road and working horses. A great error has been made in ignoring this most valuable of all the gaits in the horse. Certainly reform is needed in this direction.—*Wool & Farm*

Wash Gems.

The other day Mary was ironing, and asked for a piece of sand-paper to rub her irons on. I was astonished that I never thought of that before; it is so nice, removes every bit of starch or anything else, and makes them so smooth One girl taught me that old corsets make the best skirt-cloths. Just one half at a time is a convenient one. They are ready made, and much better, when rounded, to take hold of anything with than a made holder, and much easier to wash Just throw them in with the brown towels, as many as you happen to get during the week, and they come out clean and ready to use again Another old pair of hot water on the blades only of steel knives, and they wipe easily and do not need drying Another one told me the best way to keep hams and dried beef was to pack them in dry salt We have tried it for five years with perfect success. An old salt barrel is convenient. Set it in some cool, dry place, put quite a thick layer of salt on the bottom, then pack in the hams, using the pieces of dried beef, if you have any, for chinking, cover with salt. Then hams and salt again, till the barrel is full There is not the least danger of insects if the hams are smoked and the beef dried and put away early, before the flies come round, and they are much nicer to handle than when put in ashes or oats or anything of that kind —*A Lady in Country Gentleman*

Drilling Wheat.

The Department of Agriculture reports the following valuable [illegible] ved from correspondents, relative [illegible] lling and broadcasting wheat:

1 Fifty-two per cent [illegible] e winter wheat and thirty per [illegible] the spring wheat preceded with the [illegible] mbined the average of wheat d[illegible] ty per cent

2 Nine tenths of the [illegible] ony given shows that winter wheat [illegible] is superior to that broadcast

3. The use of the drill [illegible] es an average increase in yield of one-tenth

4 A large majority of observers declare that the moist soils in which injury from frost is likely to occur, drilling prevents or red[illegible]

5 The majority express the opinion that in certain clay soils, where the surface is rolling, some advantage accrues from surface [illegible]ning by a [illegible] of the drill furrows, while in some flat surfaces the water freezing in those furrows does positive injury.

Grain and Its Place Played Out.

Bonner is not so much of a horseman, after all His fastest specimen of equine fleetness Dexter, is now surpassed in trotting record by half a dozen animals The Maid Maid, with her mile in 2 14¼, the American Girl, with time but a little slower, Red Cloud who has just circled the track in 2 17, and Lulu, who has spun around the course in 2 16¾, are all so many pangs of envy in the soul of Bonner The day has flown in which any one man could hope to secure for his private stable the best trotting stock of the country It has been a red-letter season in the history of American racing Horses of known swiftness have eclipsed their previous records, while animals hitherto obscure as in the case of Lulu and Lucille Golddust, have dashed down the most astonishing of figures A two-forty gait, once the symbol of supreme fleetness, has become a mere turtle pace —*Chicago Times,*

C. v. WINTZINGERODE,

Dealer in all kinds of

Books, Stationery, Notions, Mouldings,

Picture Frames, &c.

No. 24 Stark St., next to Gas Company's Office.

Pictures framed. Orders from the country promptly attended to

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM!

WILLIAM BECK & SON,

Importers and Dealers in

GUNS, RIFLES AND REVOLVERS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Sporting Ammunition of all kinds.

Fishing Tackle, Fancy Goods, Beads, Fancy Baskets, IXL Cutlery, Bird Cages.

Also—Just Received, a Large Invoice of

CHILDREN'S REVERSIBLE CARRIAGES,

Which we offer at reduced prices, to make room for a LARGE and ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS!

CONSISTING OF

Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Trumpets, Mechanical Walking Dolls

GAMES, DOLLS, STEAMBOATS, LOCOMOTIVES, PRINTING PRESSES,

Sleighs, Sleighs, Velocipedes, Boys' Wagons, Fancy Baskets, Rocking Chairs, Fishing Rattles and Whips.

All of which we will sell, wholesale or retail at the lowest prices, to the trade for Cash Only

Agents for California Powder Works Blasting and Sporting Powder

REPAIRING AND NEW WORK MADE TO ORDER.

107 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

S. SHERLOCK,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

SADDLERY, HARNESS, SADDLERY HARDWARE.

HILL'S CONCORD STAGE AND BUGGY HARNESS, ETC., ETC.

SALESROOMS No. 61 Front Street and No. 62 First Street PORTLAND.

ALSO DOEUF AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

DRY GOODS.

NEW STORE! NEW STORE!

New Goods! New Goods!

THE UNDERSIGNED INFORMS THE PUBLIC of Portland and vicinity that he has opened the

Great Eastern

CLOTHING STORE

On First street between Morrison and Yamhill, MORRISON'S NEW BUILDING,

The Stock comprises the very latest Styles of

French and American Beaver Suits,

Scotch and Cheviot Suits,

Cotton Beaver Suits,

Milton Suits,

And a full line of

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS,

Of the very latest Styles.

CHILDREN'S GARIBALDIS, WAISTS, &c. Full line of [illegible]

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, &c.

The above will be sold at [illegible] at panic prices, and I am [illegible] to sell some of the prices which will defy every effort

WM. HARRIES,

First st., Morrison and New Building

SADDLERY.

SADDLERY, HARNESS,

And Lumber

SANTA CRUZ HARNESS LEATHER

We will sell at the LOWEST RATES

FOR TRADING AND COLLECTION.

LADD & BUSH, PORTLAND.

LADD, DEVLIN & CO.,

SHIPPING,

Forwarding & Commission

STAR LINE PACKETS

No. 46 Front street,

No. 58 Washington st.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, &c.

Wholesale Dealers in

Brooms, Wood & Willow Ware.

They will in receipt of

A Large and Splendid Stock

Of every variety of Goods in the above line.

GEO. L. HIBBARD. G. L. LAMBERT.

GEO. L. HIBBARD & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

No. 23 Front St., bet. Pine and Ash

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Consignments solicited. All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention

GEORGE MORROW. WILLIAM SCOTT

GEO. MORROW & CO.

GRAIN AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON PRODUCE.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

20 Clay St., and 28 Commercial St., San Francisco

P. A. by permission to R. C. KINNEY, Salem, Ore.

SADDLERY.

WILLIAMS & MORGAN,

SADDLERY,

HARNESS,

And Leather

SANTA CRUZ HARNESS LEATHER

We will sell at the LOWEST RATES

FOR TRADING AND COLLECTION.

LADD & BUSH, PORTLAND.

LADD, DEVLIN & CO.,

SHIPPING,

Forwarding & Commission

STAR LINE PACKETS

No. 46 Front street,

No. 58 Washington st.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, &c.

Wholesale Dealers in

Brooms, Wood & Willow Ware.

They will in receipt of

A Large and Splendid Stock

Of every variety of Goods in the above line.

GEO. L. HIBBARD. G. L. LAMBERT.

GEO. L. HIBBARD & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

No. 23 Front St., bet. Pine and Ash

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Consignments solicited. All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention

GEORGE MORROW. WILLIAM SCOTT

GEO. MORROW & CO.

GRAIN AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON PRODUCE.

CONSIGNMENTS S

The Daily Oregonian.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1874.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

While many other days of feasting and fasting, among them some of the most memorable, are falling into neglect, the festival which Christendom celebrates today has never faded nor grown dim in the world's heart. Above all others it is a day of joyance and mirth. Unlike most secular anniversaries wherein the nations commemorate triumphs of arms on stubborn fields, this is a day consecrated to peace and good will. It wears no stain of blood, save that sacred gore which bathed a cross on Calvary full eighteen hundred years ago. It wears forever the calm radiance of the Star of Bethlehem. All its memories lead back to that tranquil night when celestial heralds came down to announce to "shepherds watching their flocks by night" the wondrous advent of the Prince of Peace:

"When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook."

In every land the echoes of the song of His birth will be awakened to-day. From the Land of the Nativity to far-off isles of the sea the anthem will be caught up and carried round the world. The OREGONIAN joins in the universal rejoicing, and hails its readers everywhere with a

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

PROPOSED TEST OF POSTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Senator West, of Louisiana, has introduced in Congress a bill directing the Postmaster-General to cause to be constructed, without delay, and at the expense of the United States Government, a line of telegraph between the cities of Washington, D. C., and Boston, Massachusetts, by way of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Hartford. The line is to be operated in the postoffices of the cities named, by appointees of the Postmaster-General, under such rules and rates of tariff as he may fix; provided that the rates shall be uniform to all persons. There shall be no discrimination in charges, except in the case of newspapers, where the reduction shall also be uniform. It is also provided that the rates shall be so adjusted as to meet and not exceed the expense of operating and maintaining the line, and to provide a net income equal to five per cent. interest on the actual cost of building. The sum of $600,000 is appropriated for these purposes.

The postal telegraph project has been before the people of the United States for several years, thanks to the persistency of Mr. Creswell, who was always an ardent advocate of the feasibility of the scheme. Mr. Creswell found strong support in Congress, and at one time it looked quite probable that he would get the desired appropriation. But the fear of increasing the annual deficit of the Postoffice Department, together with the vigorous efforts opposed by existing lines, proved too much for him. The present Postmaster General does not sympathize with the views of his predecessor in office. We cannot see how any harm could possibly result from the passage of Senator West's bill. It is due, if the Government to furnish to its citizens the best, cheapest and most convenient postal facilities that can be had. If, as is claimed by the friends of Postal Telegraphy, it has worked well in other countries, why should it not succeed here? There can be no question as to its great superiority over the present system. In England it is largely employed by the masses of the people, who find in it a quick and certain means of communication at a trifling cost. Whether or not it be adopted in this country is a matter which can be decided only by actual experiment. Let it have a fair trial. The test must one day come. It may as well be now as at some future time.

SOMEWHAT CHARACTERISTIC.

The *Bulletin* indulges in a fling at the Independent sentiment in politics because the treasurer of Cook county, Illinois, has proved false to his trust. Thus it says:

The OREGONIAN says that one Daniel A. Gage is now on trial in Illinois for stealing about [illegible] Cook county in that State, while acting as treasurer of that county. We have had a [illegible] of Mr. Gage before. He is a [illegible] and tried Republican who wouldn't [illegible] principles. He was, but being a Republican and Mason enough to throw his principles, he had to be [illegible] to make room for a man who had no principles; and the country sees the result.

We venture to say the *Bulletin* has never heard of "one Daniel A. Gage, treasurer of Cook county, Illinois." There is a David A. Gage now on trial for failure to turn over to his successor in office $508,000 of public funds. Equally inaccurate is the intimation that Gage was elected as an Independent. At the time of his election the Independent party had no definite existence in Illinois or Cook county. The *Bulletin* cannot be fair and candid in political discussion unless it be informed on the subject whereof it speaks. Such woeful ignorance as is displayed in the foregoing quotation is absolutely inexcusable in a public journal that pretends to voice the sentiments of a party.

There is a gleam of sense in the remainder of the article from which we have quoted:

For our party we don't expect that the office holders of one party will be much better in point of honesty than the men elected by another party; and for this reason it is quite absurd to attempt to found a political party on the claim that one party may put forward for superior honesty of its individual members. Office holders and party men are pretty much all made of the same lump of humanity, and their acts and personal conduct will always be found to be of the same general average character. Principles of political action is the only abiding foundation for any political party.

This is a little obscure; but we presume the *Bulletin* means to say the Independent party in the different States was founded on a claim that it put forward better men than did either of the old parties. That is not true. The Independent press strives to inculcate a principle of absolute individual liberty in politics. It would guarantee to every man the right to vote for whatsoever candidate he may deem best fitted for the public service, and it would protect him in the exercise of that right against the rigorous discipline of the old parties. The Independent citizen is an eclectic: he chooses the best man for the office regardless of partisan affiliations, whereas under the iron rule of the caucus system the voter is a mere automaton in the hands of men styled leaders or managers. That is the simple doctrine of Independent journalism. It is easily stated and easily comprehended.

A SAD CASE.

We hope the general get-up of the *Bulletin* is satisfactory to the gentlemen who pay for its stupidity, for they have no one but themselves to please. So long as it reprinted editorials from the Eastern press it presented a tolerably decent appearance. But since the board of directors requested the editor to put in a few ideas of his own occasionally it has assumed a very melancholy aspect. Borrowed plumes having been interdicted, the editor yesterday essayed a new departure. In the leading article on "The Subsidy Principle," it blunders in this wise:

And in a more marked way is subsidies often *needed to lines of transportation.*

And in another place:

Principles of political action *is* the only abiding foundation for any political party.

That reads about as well backward as forward. Verily, the *Bulletin* is in a bad way. Standing midway between larceny and senility it must needs be sadly bewildered. If we may be allowed a hint, we would suggest that it stick to its stenling.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

From a Washington special of the 9th inst we learn that the Postoffice regulations for the prepayment of postage on newspapers, as it affects country papers, has been modified so as to read as follows:

Newspapers, without regard to the frequency of issue, one copy to each subscriber actually for the time being residing in the county where the same are printed, are entitled to pass free of postage through the mails; but the rate of postage on the same, excepting weeklies when deposited in a letter-carrier's office for delivery by the office or its carriers, shall be uniform, at one cent each. Weeklies when sent through the mails to or delivered in a letter-carrier's office in the county where printed, shall be weighed in bulk and subjected to a postage of two cents per pound, to be prepaid at the mailing office by special adhesive stamps.

Who would suppose that anybody could steal in the staid old City of Brotherly Love? And yet Charley Ross was kidnapped—an event that has injured the prospects of the Centennial in the estimation of American infants, more than any other thing. Now we are told that the report of the committee to investigate street-cleaning contracts shows great corruption in the Board of Health. It appears that a systematic course of robbery has been pursued by that body for several years, in awarding contracts, jobs having been given invariably to the highest bidder, instead of the lowest, as required by law; the difference amounting to as much as $400,000. The report concludes with a resolution for the complete reorganization of the board. Naughty Philadelphia! What would William Penn say of thee?

Senator Davis has introduced a resolution asking the President to furnish the Senate with a complete list of defaulting officers of the Government, the length of time since default was made, the names of sureties, etc. In the same resolution is an inquiry touching land grants to railroads. Senator Davis is suspicious that some grants of doubtful legality have been given over.

CURRENCY.

$10,000 on Call 1 day wanted.—For the next 60 days we will take Currency at par in exchange for [illegible] on all [illegible] sales. All goods sold at a reasonable profit."

d4dlm CURRIER & CO., 73 First Street.

DIED:

On the 21 of November, 1874, at the United States Consulate, Amoy, China, of acute dysentery, Gertie, daughter of Emma A. and J. J. Henderson, aged 2 years and 6 days.

NEW TO-DAY.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR, NEW supplies for men, women, boys and girls, at 107 Third Street. JOHN WILSON.

SKATING RINK!

FIRST

Grand Masquerade Carnival.

TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 29, 1874.

Those having received invitations will please be careful to state on their tickets of admission the name of the character assumed.

The door on Fifth street will be open for Ladies, and same for [illegible] will be made for the admission of Gentlemen on the south side of the Rink.

Admission [illegible] Sec.

H. C. MORRICE, Lessee.

SPEED RACE

For the Championship!

MR. C. F. MEADE, on the 19th inst. challenged Mr. E. H. THOMPSON, the present Champion, to skate on the 26th inst., for the Champion Medal for the State.

The Lessee makes the following stipulations to prevent the public from any disappointment:

Should either of the contestants refuse to skate, then the other shall skate against time and be declared winner. The party refusing to skate shall be barred from ever competing for the Medal again. Should any person challenge the Champion, he will not be required to skate, but the challenging party must beat the time made on the 26th inst.

H. C. MORRICE, Lessee.

H. M. DeFRANCE, President. W. L. WHITE, Secretary.

NATIONAL

BUSINESS COLLEGE!

A School of Business Training

FOR BOTH SEXES.

DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS

CONTINUE THE YEAR ROUND.

Has more Graduates in First Class Situations than any Business College in the United States, for the number graduated.

For those desiring to acquire proficiency in the Art of

PENMANSHIP,

facilities are afforded in this Institution superior to any to be found upon the Coast.

LECTURES & CLASSES

In Commercial Law, Political Economy, Commercial Calculations, Money Values, Exchange, Penmanship, &c.

TELEGRAPHY & PHONOGRAPHY TAUGHT

For information apply at College Office or send for "College Journal." Address,

DeFRANCE & WHITE, Lock Box 104.

NEW TO-DAY.

For Holiday and Every Day Trade.

DRESS GOODS.—THE MOST COMPLETE Assortment of Dress Goods in Market at extremely moderate prices. Examine our stock before purchasing.

FURNISHING GOODS.—For children, men, women, boys and girls, comprising Undershirts and Drawers, Linen Bosom Shirts, Gent's Scarf, Socks in cotton, wool and merino; Children's fine Hosiery in great variety; Kid Gloves and Gauntlets, Corsets, Umbrellas, &c., &c.

FAMILY DRY GOODS.—Blankets, Bed Sheetings, all kinds 4-4 Domestic Cottons, Table Linens, Crash, Fringes, Towels, &c., &c.

NEW GOODS.—We are constantly replenishing with new Goods from New York and San Francisco, as well as from our own City Importers.

CALL AND SEE US.—Our Goods are all new, fresh and reliable in quality.

JOHN WILSON.
d25dltw4t 107 Third street.

OREGON AMATEUR!

"Good morning, Mr. Jones."

"Why, good morning, sir."

"Well, Christmas is here already. It don't seem long since last Christmas."

"No, that's so. By the way, what are you going to give your son Ralph for a Christmas present?"

"I have subscribed for the OREGON AMATEUR for a year, and I think it is as nice a gift as I could get him for the money."

"And I am just going to do the same thing for Charley. It is one of the best amateur papers that I have seen."

"I know the boys will both be pleased."

"And I am sure of it. Good bye."

HOLIDAY NUMBER

NOW READY.

Call on or address OSCAR J. CLAY, No. 1 Stark street, Portland, Oregon.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE FIRM of Lacher & Hawes, dealers in stoves and tinware, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. E. R. Hawes will continue the business in his own name, and will pay all debts of the late firm, and collect all dues. J. LACHER, E. R. HAWES.

Portland, December 21, 1874. d25 4t

NOTICE.

I HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE THE PROMPT payment of my claim against the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston—the same being the sum of $2,500, and policy No. 50,227 in that Company. ELIZA FRYER.

d23dlm

THE MOST ACCEPTABLE HOLIDAY PRESENT FOR YOUR WIFE, MOTHER, SISTER, LADY FRIEND, IS THE

LIGHT RUNNING HOME, OR IMPROVED HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE.

EITHER MACHINE Warranted 5 Years. New Styles Just Received. GEO. W. TRAVER, Manufacturers' Agent, Cor. Morrison & Third sts., PORTLAND.

BEST AND CHEAPEST

SAMUEL'S PORTLAND DIRECTORY FOR 1875

NOW IN PRESS.

Contains more RELIABLE INFORMATION and VALUABLE STATISTICS than all "Portland City Directories" ever published.

It is the only Directory issuing SUPPLEMENTS (containing Changes and Removals.

Publication office, 5 Washington Street, Near Front.

SECRETARIES OF LODGES AND SOCIeties of every kind are respectfully invited to report the names of Officers, place and time of meeting of their respective organizations at the office of

SAMUEL'S Portland Directory, No. 5, Washington St., near Front.

d24d2t

EX ORIFLAMME!

New Vermont Maple Sugar and Syrup;

New Zante Currants, Malaga Raisins, Sultana Raisins;

Citron, Lemon, and Orange Peel,

New California Walnuts, Almonds, Brazil, Pecans and Chestnuts.

These Goods are all new and fresh, bought expressly for the Holiday trade, which we will sell CHEAP FOR CASH.

Also, a large and extensive stock of STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES.

FARNSWORTH & DUTTON, d19dlm 177 First Street, near Yamhill.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

W. O'SHEA, PAWNBROKER, WASHington street, between First and Second, next door to Quinn's Fish Market, has a few first class Gold Watches, also some Silver Watches, and a few Gold Rings that he will dispose of at cost.

Money advanced on Jewelry, Watches, Guns, Pistols, Jewelry, Wearing Apparel, etc. Miscellaneous articles of every description bought and sold. dl

GRAY'S MUSIC STORE.

STEINWAY PIANOS!

BURDETT ORGANS!

MUSIC BOOKS and SHEET MUSIC!

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE.

FRENCH CHINA.

Owing to our overstock of the above named article we will sell a full line of it at greatly reduced prices, in order to reduce stock.

The Goods comprise a full assortment of

DECORATED AND PLAIN WHITE DINNER AND TEA SETS, ETC.

They are of our own importation direct from France, and are of the most Elegant Designs, and of the finest quality made. We will also offer a full line o

SILVER PLATED WARE.

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Tea Sets, Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes, Berry Dishes, Card Receivers, Vases, etc. etc.

Also, a Full Assortment of

KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS.

We will sell all the above Goods at prices that would astonish almost any one, even a Granger.

W. JACKSON & CO., No. 36 Front Street, O. S. N. Co.'s Block.

AMUSEMENTS.

CHRISTMAS TREE!

AND

Social Entertainment!

At Good Templars' Hall, SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 26.

Presents to be placed on the Tree will be received by the committee from 2 to 5 P. M., and after 7 P. M. Checks will be given by the committee when desired.

ENTERTAINMENT FREE!

To commence at 7:30 o'clock. See Programmes.

Committee of Arrangements:
Miss Carrie Wilcox, Miss N. Sutherland, James Cumming, A. G. Walling, Geo Good.

THIRD ANNUAL

GRAND MASQUERADE BALL!

OF THE INDEPENDENT

Order of Jolly Good Fellows

Will be given at

PHILHARMONIC HALL, NEW YEAR'S EVE!

Committee of Arrangements.
J. B. Kellogg, J. H. Huey, W. S. Halpriner, H. S. Stephenson, C. B Seamon.

Reception Committee.
A. B. Hallock, R. Jennings, Jas. Hawthorn, H. Fleckenstein.

Floor Committee.
W. H. Butts, J. B. Kellogg, Ruf Norman, C. B. Seamon, C. Parrish.

Tickets, $1 50, to be procured of any of the Committee.

All masks will be required to identify.

Is there a much better or more useful Christmas Present than a nice and Fashionable

HAT?

SEE

MEUSSDORFFER'S

New Styles, arrived per last Steamer.

As he ALWAYS KEEPS ONLY THE BEST Article in the line of Hats, so you may be sure to find

"FOR THE HOLIDAYS!"

Something Neat, Good and Stylish.

d23

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Sugar Toys, Sugar Hearts, Crystallized Toys and Hearts, Glazed Toys and Figures, Fancy Boxes, Cornucopias, Wax Candles, Candle-holders, Christmas Tree Ornaments, Flower and Dove Baskets, Gelatin Goods, French and American Candies, Walnuts, Almonds, Filberts, etc., Plain and Ornamented Cakes, Lebkuchen and Pfeffernuesse, Wholesale and Retail at prices that defy competition, at

ALISKY & HEGELE'S Premium Candy Factory, No. 107 FIRST STREET.

N. B.—The only place where the justly celebrated PAN-ROASTS! are served.

R. DINSMORE, Broker, 72 First Street.

Money loaned on real estate and personal security. Legal Tenders bought and sold. GOLD DUST BOUGHT. Interest allowed on time deposits of coin. Exchange on S. F. d13dlm

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, ETC.

RECEIVED FROM FRANCE!

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

Christmas & New Year!

No Old Remnant Stock,

BUT ALL THE

LATEST STYLES!

OF

Applique and Pointe Lace Collars.
Applique and Pointe Lace Barbes.
Chantilly Lace Barbes,
Pointe Collars with Barbe Ends.
Lace and Silk Handkerchiefs.
Black Lyon Silk.

A large Invoice, the largest and best Assortment ever come to this market has to be sold,

REGARDLESS OF COST!

P. van HUAGH, 70 First Street, Dekum's Building. d9dlw

SPECIAL ATTENTION

IS CALLED TO THE GREAT INDUCEMENTS now being offered to the public to that large and well selected stock of

Dry Goods, Millinery AND FANCY GOODS,

Which is now being sold

AT COST.

Parties wishing to buy Holiday Presents will save 30 per cent. by buying them now.

Stock and Fixtures for Sale at a great Sacrifice.

MRS. H. ACH, n23 97 First street.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

HOLIDAY GOODS

EASY CHAIR FRAMES!
SMOKING CHAIRS!
TURKISH CHAIRS!
OTTOMANS!
FOOT-RESTS!

PARLOR SETS!

Rich Walnut and Gilt CARVED ORNAMENTS FOR Window Cornices!

ETC., ETC., ETC.

ALL NEW AND ATTRACTIVE!

AT

PAUL RICHTER'S, 103 First Street.

BOCKSBEUTEL!

GENUINE STEINWINE,

Direct Imported

AT THE GEM.

This Wine is warranted pure. d18d2w

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, ETC.

Unprecedented Attractions

FOR THE

HOLIDAYS

AT

THE WHITE HOUSE,

IN

Winter Dress Goods,

AND THE

Most Complete Stock of all Grades of

Black & Colored Silks,

In Pretty Evening Shades and New Colors, making the Largest and Most Magnificent Display to be found in the City. We also desire to call attention to our Handsome Line of

Ladies' French Cashmere Wrapper Patterns,

IN NEW DESIGNS.

FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT,

We offer an Immense and Elegant Variety of

Ladies' and Gents' Initial Handkerchiefs.
Ladies' Point, Valenciennes and Applique Collars and Handkerchiefs.
Chantilly and Thread Lace Pichues and Barbs.
Silk and Satin Scarfs and Bows.
Ladies' Silk Ties.
Ladies' and Misses' Merino Underwear, Eagle Gimps, Yak Laces.
Worsted Dress Fringes.
Neck Ruching, in various new styles.
Ladies' and Children's Plain and Striped French Wool and Cotton

HOSIERY,

And the Celebrated

"ARDOMINAL" CORSET

The best fitting and most durable article of the kind in the market.

We direct special notice to our splendid assortment of

CLOAKS, SACQUES AND BASQUES,

INDIA, PAISLEY AND CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWLS;

And also to our beautiful line of

FURS! FURS! FURS

IN OUR

Millinery Department

We shall exhibit New and Attractive Styles of

TRIMMED HATS & BONNETS.

All of these GOODS are just suited to the HOLIDAY TRADE, and an inspection of them is earnestly solicited.

LEWIS & STRAUSS' 67 FIRST STREET.

Sleeveless Jackets, Beaded Sacques and Overdresses.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

The Daily Oregonian

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25,

CITY.

SCHOOL MISSION SCHOOL.—This institu[tion] which has been in operation about five we[eks] is unfolding far beyond the expectations [of] its originators, as shown by the interest man[ifested] by those for whose benefit the school [was] established. We learn that the school [is] divided into twelve classes, each having a t[eacher] who gives instruction in English five [days] each week. Thursday evening is de[voted] to singing hymns (led by Miss Mitchell) [and] receiving instruction in Chinese (led by [Rev.] Religious instruction in Chinese and [English] Dong Gong). The school [is] opened and closed by singing in Chinese and [English] and with prayer. Religious service[s are] held twice each Sabbath by Dong Gong. [The] Sabbath school is in charge of Mr. G. W. [Traver]. At each Sabbath meeting hymns are [sung] in Chinese and English, Miss Mitchell lead[ing]. The interest manifested by the Chinese in [the] exercises may be noted from the fact [that] they have paid about $70 toward an o[rgan] for the school. They have also given an e[ight] day clock and a table-bell, besides pa[id] about $47 toward the general expenses o[f the] school.

BAPTIST MINISTERS' CONFERENCE.—The [following] persons have accepted a request to [prepare] articles upon the subjects placed opp[osite] their names, at the Baptist conference t[o be] held at Salem next week. The programme [is] published for the benefit of any who may [wish] to attend at some particular exercise. M[usical] services will be held for the discussion of [Sunday] school work in the State and in Washing[ton] Territory, and all are welcome at such [exercises] as may interest or participate in the discussi[ons]. Sunday—7 P. M. organization; 7:30 P. [M.] Monday—9 A. M. "Church and College," R. C. Hill. T[ues]day—9 A. M. "Church Finances," E. Ba[ker]; 10 A. M. "Spirituality in Religion," A. Jone[s]; 11 A. M. "Necessity of Doctrinal Instruction [in] Connection with Religion," M. Bailey; [2] P. M. "Sunday School Work," W. C. Johns[on]. Wednesday—9 A. M. "Revivals," R. S. Gre[en]; 10 A. M. "Lay Preaching," R. S. Gree[n]. Thursday—9 A. M. "Dangers and Helps [in] Connection to Religion," D. J. Pierce.

HONOR.—The school in Sheridan, [Yamhill] county, or HONOR.—The school in Sheridan, East Portland, C. C. Hall, princi[pal], Miss Jane D. Crawford, assistant, closed [its] first term on the 23d of this month. The [closing] exhibition took place on the 22d, in which [the pupils] did exceedingly well—considering [the] timid nature of many of the questioners [and] the embarrassing nature of many of the questions [pro]pounded to them by the examiner. The [deserv]ing named pupils are entitled to have [their] names placed on the roll of honor: Geo. [Ad]dcock, 97; Jessie Crawford, 96; Ma[ry] Crawford, 94; Lulu Crawford, 93; Ma[ry] Emery, 86; Romanna Wilson, 97; [Ida] Wilson, 85; Mary Austin, 89; Laura Cro[ckett], Thomas Owen, 85; Marcus VanOs[dol], Vale Brown, 85; Frank Dow, 89; [Ida] Austin, 85; Chas. Hoyt, 85; Geo. Crough[ton], Louisa Pilger, 92; Mary Crawford, 95; [Ida] Owen, 87; Ida Wilson, 91; Mary Hoyt, [Ida] Owen, 88; Mary Price, 94; [Ida] Crouch, 92; Nettie Crouch, 86.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.—Under the auspices of the United Sons of Love[rity] a grand emancipation celebration will take place in this city at the hall of the [Sons] on Friday evening, Jan. 1, 1875. The following is the programme as publi[shed]: Prayer, by the Revs. Dillon and Smith; [Gl]ory address, Mr. C. H. Mercier; [spec]ches' band; reading of the Emancipation [Pro]clamation, Mr. G. R. Brown; [mu]sic by band; addresses, by the Hon. Geo[rge] Hyde and others. At the conclusion of [the] addresses an intermission of thirty [minutes] will be had, after which dancing will [com]mence. Tickets, including supper, $2.

CENTRAL MARKET.—Under the [auspi]ces of the Central Market presented a [very] handsome appearance last evening. [The] interior of the building was tastefully [deco]rated with evergreens, arranged in a [man]ner to strike the eye pleasantly. Many [of the] stalls were fixed up in a most elaborate [and] tasteful manner, and we cannot omit to mention the magnificent display of meats at the stalls of Messrs. [Hall], Johnson & Spaulding, and Speed. During the evening there was a [large] stream of humanity pouring through the [hall], making purchases for to-day and [enjoying] the many handsome stalls.

LARGE ANIMAL.—A few days ago, Mc[Cracken] & Spaulding slaughtered one of the [largest] beeves which has perhaps ever been [raised] in the State. The animal was raised by [Mr. Gar]dner, on the North Yamhill. The [animal] weighed 2,840, and when dressed weighed [1,]600 pounds. The animal was in fine [condition], and will make an choice steak. [Epicures] could desire to grace his board.

PRUNE PLUMS.—Mr. H. W. Prettyman, [of the] Railroad nursery, laid on our table [yesterday] several plums which have been grown [in the] *fall and winter*. The plums were raised [from] seedling four years old. About one [year] and a half was raised from the stone [and] then grew out in the open air, expanded [to] rough weather. Mr. Prettyman [planted] and the variety the "Winter Dameon."

WEATHER REPORT.—From the records of [the U.] S. Signal Station of Observation, Portland, December 24, 1874:

	7 A. M.	2 P. M	9 P. M.
Barometer	42°	40°	41°
Wind, direction	S.	S.	S.
Wind, velocity	3	5	4
Weather	Cloudy.	Cloudy.	Cloudy.

Mean temperature.....

Rainfall.....

PUBLIC EXAMINATION.—The quarterly exa[mination] of applicants for certificates to teach [in] the public schools of this county, will be [held] on Dec. 26th, at the Central school house, [in] school rooms, beginning at 9 A. M. [Punct]ual attendance at the hour named is [requested] upon.

ADJOURNED—SUBMITTED.—In the United States Circuit Court, yesterday, most of the day was consumed in the argument of the case of [Lloyd] Brooke, asignee, vs Woodson Scogg[in]. At a late hour in the afternoon, the case was submitted to the jury.

EXPRESS AND POST OFFICES.—The Express [office] will be open to-day at 4:30 P. M., and the [Post] office at 10 A. M., for one hour, and [in the] evening from 5 to 6.

AMUSEMENTS.

Messrs. Mead and Thompson will contest the championship of the State at the Rink [this] afternoon evening. Grand masquerade [ball] will come off next Tuesday evening. See advertisements.

On Saturday evening a grand entertainment will be given at Good Templars' Hall, under the auspices of Multnomah Lodge, I. O. G. T. A large Christmas tree will be erected and [loaded] with good things for the little ones, and vocal and instrumental music will form [part] of the entertainment.

MUSEUM.—The performance at Museum last evening was excellent—a marked improvement over the previous exhibition being noticeable. The slight defects [noted] Saturday were entirely remedied. The [comedy] and farce were rendered in splendid [style] and afforded the audience much pleasure. The house was well filled and doubtless will be crowded at 2 and 7 P. M. to-day. One of the most prominent features of the entertainment are the songs and dances during the [intermission].

SOCIAL EVENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend a New Year's ball to be given at [Good] Templ's Hall, New Tacoma, for the benefit of the Tacoma schoolbuilding fund.

This evening the young people of Oregon City will hold a grand Christmas ball at [the] Pope House. Arrangements of an extensive character have been made, and a grand social time is expected. There will be excellent music, a good caller, plenty of dancing, and a [supper] at 12 o'clock. Numerous invitations have been extended and a large crowd of [visitors] be in attendance. A number of [persons] from this city will attend.

PERSONAL.

We were favored with a call yesterday from E. Hodgkins, Esq., the genial and [popular] reporter of the Salem *Statesman*. Mr. Hodgkins has recently tendered his resignation as reporter for that paper, and accepted a position in the Postoffice at Salem. His numerous friends will congratulate him.

READ THE LA[DIES]

From 75 [cts.]

Elegant Gift [Books]

At J. K. [GILL'S]

Standard Poets,

Standard Fict[ion],

Russia Le[ather]

Russia Leath[er]

Russi[a] Le[ather]

Rus. Leath. [Memo]

Tourists' C[ases],

Rubber and C[loth]
Pencils,

Photo[graph] Al[bums]

Writing Al[bums]

Family Bibl[es],

Com[panion] Fa[mily]

Devotional [Books]

Diaries for 1875,

Musical Alb[ums],

Library Inkst[ands]

Parlor Games,
Over 50 kinds

"Mesmeric Cha[rm]"
(A New Parlor Game),

Table Cutlery,

Just received by [Express] from New York, a Magnificent [Assortment]

GIFT BO[OKS]

Such as Dore's "WAN[DERING]

Barley's "MARGIA[RET]

OF THE BELL" &c.

THE ONLY FIRST CLA[SS]

BOOKS & [STATIONERY]

J. K. GILL & [CO.]

75 FIRST S[TREET]

BOOKS & T[OYS]

UHAS. M[ANN]

WHOLESALE AND [RETAIL]

Booksellers & St[ationers]

77 FRONT [STREET]

Have a Large and well [selected] Stock of

Gift and Toy B[ooks]

Photograph Al[bums]

Musical Alb[ums]

Music Book[s]

Writing Alb[ums]

Scrap Books

Gold Pens and Pe[ncils]

Pocket Cutlery,

Fancy Static[nery]

Toy Tables, Toy W[agons]

and Toys in every [variety]

Which they offer at the LOWEST [PRICES]

77 FRONT STREET, PO[RTLAND]

d11d2w

RUMMELIN & GUTHAS,

50 First-street, between Stark and [Oak]

Manufacturers, Whol[esale] and Dealers in

FURS,

Offer this Season a very Large and [Desirable] Stock of

Ladies', Misses' and Gents'

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE [TIMES]

Dealers Supplied at [Low] Rates.

Orders and repairing [promptly] attended to.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

...Oregonian.

...ING, DECEMBER 25, 1874.

CITY.

...—This institution, ... operation about five weeks, is ... and the expectations of its ... shown by the interest manifest... benefit the school was ... to learn that the school is di... classes, each having a teach... section in English five eve... Thursday evening is devoted ... (led by Miss Mitchell) and ... in Chinese (led by the ... Gong). The school is al... ging in Chinese and Eng... Religious services are ... Sabbath by Dong Gong. The ... is in charge of Mr. G. W. Tra... meeting hymns are sung ... English, Miss Mitchell leading. ... led by the Chinese in this ... noted from the fact that ... about $70 toward an organ ... They have also given an eight... table-bell, besides paying ... the general expenses of the ...

...ians' Conference.—The fol... have accepted a request to pre... the subjects placed opposite ... the Baptist conference to be ... next week. The programme is ... the benefit of any who may wish ... a particular exercise. Extra ... held for the discussion of mis... the State and in Washington ... all are welcome at such sessions ... participate in the discussions. ... M. organization, 7.30 P. M. ... and College," R. C. Hill. Tres... "Church Finances" E. Russ; 2 ... day in Religion," A. Jones; 7 ... of Doctrinal Instruction," J. ... Tuesday—9 A. M. "Relation ... and Religion, M. Bailey; 2 P. ... Local Work," W. C. Johnson; ... Giving," R. S. Greene ... M. "Dangers and Helps of ..." D. J. Pierce.

...—The school in Stephens' ... by Mr. C. C. Hall, principal, ... Ward, assistant, closed the ... of this month. The ex... on the 22d, in which the ... ly well considering the ... many of the questions pro... by the examiner. The fol... are entitled to have their ... roll of honor: Georgia ... Crawford, 90; Estella ... Crawford, 93; Martha ... Wilson, 97; Mary ... 89; Laura Crouch, ... 85; Marcus VanCleave, ... Frank Dow, 89; Harry ... 85; Geo. Crouch, 80; ... Crawford, 85; Eva ... 91; Mary Hoyt, 87; ... Price, 91; Arena ... 95.

...MATION.—Under the ... Sons of Love and ... tion celebration will ... the hall of the City ... Jan. 1, 1875. The ... as published: ... and Smith; intro... Mercier; music, J. ... Emancipation ... music, by ... George I". ... son of these ... thirty minutes ... ing will con... ., $2.

... the numerous ... had a very ... last evening. The ... was tastefully ... in a man... Mary of the ... elaborate style ... the magnificent ... of ... Reid & ... and Spaulding ... was a con... pouring through the ... for to-day and ad... stalls.

...—A few days ago, Mc... ...ghbored one of the ... has perhaps ever been ... The animal was ... by ... Yamhill. Its grea... and when d... weighed ... animal was in excellent ... to choice steaks as ... to ... ets his board.

...—Mr. H. W. Prettyman of ..., laid on our table yester... which have been grown ... The plums were raised ... old. About one gal... from the same tree. ... the open air, exposed to all ... Mr. Prettyman has ... the "Winter Damson."

...—From the records of the ... Observation, Portland ... 24, 1874:

	7 A.M.	2 P.M	9 P.M.
	42°	48°	43°
	8.	6.	8.
	8	5	4
...	Cloudy.	Cloudy.	Cloudy

...—The quarterly exam... ...ts for certificates to teach ... ...ols of this county, will take ... at the Central school house, ..., beginning at 9 A. M. A ... at the hour named is in...

...—In the United States ..., most of the day was ... ...gument of the case of ... ...vs Woodson Scoggin. ... soon, the case was ...

...—The Express ... M., and the Post ... hour, and in the ...

...TS.

... Thompson will concert ... of the State at the Rink ... Grand masquerade car... next Tuesday evening.

...ming a grand entertain ment ... Good Templars' Hall, under ... Multnomah Lodge, I. O. G. T. ... tree will be erected and fully ... good things for the little ones. ... ental music will form part ...

...The performance at Morrison Hall ... last, a marked im... the previous rendition being ... The slight defects mentioned ... entirely remedied. The com... were rendered in splendid style, ... the audience much pleasure. ... well filled and doubtless will ... and 7 P. M. to-day. One of ... features of the entertain... ... and dances during the ...

SOCIAL EVENTS,

...knowledge the receipt of an invitation ... a New Year's ball to be given at ... New Tacoma, for the benefit of ... school building fund.

... the young people of Oregon ... a grand Christmas ball at Popo's ... events of an extensive character ... and a grand social time may ... There will be excellent music, a ... plenty of dancing, and a capital ... o'clock. Numerous invitations ... extended and a large crowd will ... in attendance. A number of per... this city will attend.

...SONAL.

... with a call yesterday from ..., Esq., the genial and court... of the Salem *Statesman*. Mr. ... kindly tendered his resigna... of that paper, and accepted a ... office at Salem. His nu... will congratulate him.

CHRIST AS EVE.

HOW CHRISTMAS WAS OBSERVED LAST EVENING IN THE VARIOUS CHURCHES OF THE CITY.

As is customary on Christmas Eve, the churches of the city were aglow last evening with light, life and joyous hilarity. Old Santa Claus was once again on his annual rounds, bearing his load of precious gifts, and the joy of the little folks knew no limits. If was a brief season of joyous festivity—shared equally between parents and children—that will never be forgotten, and one towards which the participants will delight to cast retrospective glances in the years to come. These time-honored festivities, around which cluster such endearing associations, were observed in the usual manner at the following churches

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL

The children attending St Stephen's and St Matthew's Sunday School met in the large room below the chapel, where they were joined by their friends and teachers. It was indeed a happy sight to see the cheerful faces of the little ones, though the presents, we understand, were not as numerous as on former occasions. Punctually at 5 o'clock Mr Rosenberg called the children to order, when the religious services began with some appropriate remarks by the chaplain, singing of a carol, repeating the creed and prayers, and concluding with a carol, when the real work for the happiness of the children began, and cornucopias, and cakes, and candies, &c., were distributed, and the happy throng went home in good season, well contented with their Christmas festivities.

NORTH PORTLAND M E MISSION SUNDAY-SCHOOL

Away out at the corner of Ninth and D streets you might suppose was out of the range of Christmas festivities, but not so. The mission school out there had an exceedingly pleasant time—in fact, for real, pure, unadulterated enjoyment perhaps the mission school excels. There are many who, otherwise, perhaps, would have no Christmas, that here hear their names called off, and have presents given them, and if you want to see eyes wild with excitement and expectation, and hearts full of gratitude, we commend you to the mission school, and then how they sing "Merry, Merry Christmas," and then other Christmas songs. Each one takes hold as if they thought the success of the singing depended on them; in fact, they "sing with the spirit." About 300 presents were distributed, mostly from a gaily dressed and ornamented tree, and every scholar got *something*. That was looked after closely, that none were missed, and all left about 6 30—the exercises having commenced at 5 30—feeling happy and joyous in the fullest sense. This school, numbering 100, is an evidence of what a few faithful persons may do in extending Sabbath-school work, and teaching the Bible to those in the outskirts of the city. Every Sunday morning in the back part of the city you may see four or five teachers plodding their way to the school, while most of those living in the city are getting their breakfast—9 A. M.—and so it has been for three years. They show their faith by their works.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Soon after the appointed hour, the church was crowded with children and their friends. The seats are removed, and for the time being the room becomes a spacious hall. Early in the week a work of decoration was undertaken by the young people of the Society, and they have hung the walls, chandelier, and pulpit, with dark evergreen wreaths and chains. The whole effect is admirable, and the work is an evidence of the loving industry and good taste of those who did it. These fine decorations remain in the church for several weeks each year following the Christmas season.

At about half-past seven, the children were assembled around the chair which was improvised by the Superintendent, as a pulpit. A beautiful Christmas hymn was sung from the "Clarions," after which a short address was given by Rev. Mr. Eliot; the substance of which was as follows:

In our Christmas festivals, in the midst of our happiness, and gifts, we ought to have a little place in our thoughts for the true reason of Christmas, viz that it is the birthday of our Savior, who came from God to tell us of His love, and help us to be brave, true, trustful and good.

In illustration of these qualities, the life of Christ was referred to. And afterward two incidents or narratives, one of a boy in Covenanter days who was to be shot by cruel men because his mother took care of a sick soldier, when told to pull his bonnet over his face, he said, "Why should I not look you in the face. I've nothing to be ashamed of; but how will you look on the day when you are judged for this deed?" The other of James Lambert, of Glasgow, who began when a boy, to save lives, who saved over 40, and 19 at one time—who at last became blind and even then tried to rescue a drowning boy. Remember Jesus in these ways and every day of your life is a Christmas day.

Another hymn was sung and the children allowed to disperse through the room for a half hour. At 8 o'clock a pleasing event—all took place. A wedding is always an interesting event, but a wedding on Christmas Eve, in the midst of the festivities of a church, is something novel, appropriate and of unusual interest. The bridal pair were a handsome young couple. The bride is well known in our city, and the groom a promising man whose character we hear spoken of in the highest terms. They advanced with their friends to the front of the altar, where they were met by the Pastor, and the usual service was soon completed. The children and large company were ranged during the ceremony, on either side of the church. Soon after this episode, the children were invited to their supper and afterwards to the Christmas tree, whose boughs hung with gifts of candy for the one hundred and fifty or two hundred present. After an hour of pleasant talk and play, the assembly broke up, and one more happy festival and reunion is added to the happy past of this pr ple on school and church

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

An unusual large number of persons assembled in the basement of the First Presbyterian church to celebrate the festivities of Christmas Eve. Early in the evening the children began to pour in, and every seat was well filled long before the hour when any well conducted Santa Claus would be willing to begin his rounds. By the time the services were opened the room was crowded to overflowing. Several familiar hymns were sung, then a pause and a hush gave warning that the event of the evening was about to occur—Santa Claus was about to appear. The door opened and a form ca...d the threshold, which carried not a little consternation to some members of the infant class. The majority of those present, however, recognized the Santa Claus of years gone by—a trifle older, perhaps,—a little whiter as to his furs, his hair grown longer, but the same old dispenser of good things to children. He went his rounds up and down among the rows of bright little faces, greeting some with a hearty shake of the hand, and some of the pretty young ladies with a salutation which sounded to us on the other side of the room very like a kiss. He gave each one a token of his good will, then he bethought him of his numerous engagements elsewhere, and disappeared through the doorway in search of the chimney. Very shortly thereafter a well known gentleman came in by the same door, wiping the perspiration from a very warm face, and presenting a marked contrast to the furbedad person who had so lately departed. Then a good time was enjoyed by all. The room was tastefully decorated with fir and ivy, lighted up here and there by a wreath of colored autumn leaves. A general satisfaction was expressed at the happiness of the little ones, and the simplicity of the ceremonies devised for their entertainment.

TAYLOR STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Among the many scenes of festivity occurring in the city, none were attended with more pleasant features than that of the M E Sunday school, held in the vestry of the church. The committee of arrangements had everything in connection with the festival prepared in perfect order, and the decoration committee had spared no pains in rendering the room most attractive in appearance. On the wall over the altar, the words "A Merry Christmas" were worked in evergreen, and around the room, inclosed in evergreen wreaths, were the words "Welcome to All." The columns supporting the upper floor were twined with evergreens. At each front corner of the platform was a large tree, to the branches of which were hung a great many beautiful presents, some of them being of very considerable value, such as books, jewelry, etc.

At 7 P. M., the exercises began with the singing of a Christmas carol by the school, after which a brief prayer was offered by the pastor,—this being followed by another appropriate song. The crowd was quite large, and the little folks were becoming impatient at the delay, when they were first gladdened by the distribution of about 350 packages of candy, raisins, nuts, etc., before the presents from the trees were given out. As before stated, the trees were well filled and almost every person in the house were remembered by their friends and received some token of remembrance. The distribution of presents occupied the time until after 8 o'clock, and in that hour hundreds of hearts, especially of the little ones, were made glad, and we trust better, because of the return of this, the anniversary of the day of the world's joy.

HALL STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL.

At this place a very pleasant time was experienced last evening. The church was beautifully and appropriately decorated with evergreens. There were two trees, one on each side of the pulpit. Over the door, on the inside, was the motto, "Merry Christmas." On the left hand side as you enter the church, was the motto: "Peace on earth, good will to men,' and on the right was the motto "Glory to God in the highest," all executed by Mr. W. C. Cradlebaugh, in a very tasteful manner. Suspended from the ceiling in the center of the church was a large center piece made of evergreens trimmed with red and white tissue paper. The decorating was done by the Misses Dudley, Murray, Darr, Forbes and others, under the supervision of Messrs. Royal and Mendenhall. All credit is due these ladies for the tasteful manner in which the room was decorated.

Exercises commenced about 6 o'clock. The following programme was observed: Singing by the school, "Merry Christmas," prayer by the Rev. W. C. Chaffin, pastor, solo and chorus, "Our Greeting," rendered in excellent style by Miss Nettie Dudley, Miss Mamie Chaffin, Mrs. H. L. Durham, and Messrs. John Shaver, H. S. Stolt and H. L. Durham. Miss Nettie Dudley presided at the organ, in her usual faultless manner, during the exercises. Following the last song, came the distribution of presents which was by far the most interesting feature of the occasion to the little folks. A large number of gifts were distributed among the children. At the conclusion of the distribution, all children, members of the school, who had not received any present were supplied with gifts, so that there should be no disappointment or childish jealousy among any of the pupils of the school. About 250 persons were present during the evening. The children's hearts were all brimful of happiness, and they all dispersed in the best possible humor. About 8 o'clock the exercises closed by singing and benediction.

CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Reporters are not endowed with the power of being in two places at the same time in our reportorial rounds last evening, we were unable to visit the above church for want of time. We learn, however, that a very pleasant time was experienced. There was a large assemblage of parents and anxious-faced children gathered together on the welcome occasion. The church was very handsomely decorated with evergreen mottoes, etc., while conspicuously displayed at one end of the room, was the Christmas tree, pendant from the boughs of which hung a tempting array of glittering presents, interspersed in a handsome manner with ribbons and parti-colored tissue paper. The exercises commenced with singing and prayer, followed by short, interesting addresses from Gen. Howard, H. H. Northup, Esq., and others. At the close of the addresses, the audience adjourned to the large and brilliantly lighted vestry room, and the distribution of the presents commenced, which was the event of the evening. Every child received some gift and all expressed the fullest sense of satisfaction when the hour arrived for the festivities to close.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Christmas.

One week more of old 1874.

Hon. Jos. N. Dolph is slowly convalescing.

Hassalo Lodge No. 15, I. O. O. F., this evening.

All the butchers are displaying a fine lot of meat.

San Francisco steamer will be due this evening.

How the poor turkeys and geese will suffer to-day.

Oneonta Tribe No. 4, I. O. R. M., meets this evening.

There was snow at the Dalles yesterday morning.

"Merry Christmas" will be the favorite salutation to-day.

The condition of V. S. Eggleston, we learn, is quite critical.

This evening Concordia Grove No. 1, U. A. O. D., will meet.

Roast turkey and plum pudding will be indulged in to-day.

Only one solitary drunk was tried yesterday morning in police court.

Merchants were "up to their eyes" in business yesterday and last evening.

A Christmas tree(*Kranchen*) will be given at Turners' Hall, on Saturday evening.

Everybody was on the streets last evening, making the usual purchases for Christmas.

Old Santa Claus made his usual rounds last evening, and gladdened the hearts of the little folks.

The steamer *Calliope* has undergone some needed repairs and is waiting for a rise in the Yamhill river.

A lunch will be spread at the Progress Club rooms from noon till evening. The members and their friends are invited.

Mrs. M. W. Fechheimer will deliver a lecture under the auspices of the Maimonides Society at Synagogue, next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

"Spirit and Tendency of our Times," is the subject of a lecture to be delivered next Monday evening at Museum Hall, by Prof. E Nichols.

Midnight Mass was celebrated last night at the Cathedral, corner of Stark and Third streets. This morning Masses will be said at 6, 8 and 10 30 o'clock.

At Portland Market may be seen two hogs—one of which was raised Mr. Durgan in Government Island, and weighs 972 pounds dressed. The other was raised by Mr. Scott, on Columbia Slough, and weighs 843 pounds dressed. These hogs are about the largest ever brought to this market.

Patience of the first water was displayed yesterday evening by a young and apparently verdant couple who were standing on the Yamhill street railroad track waiting for a First street horse car. It didn't come along even after the young man made his oft repeated declaire that the pesky car would "just hurry up."

PILOT COMMISSIONERS.

The next Board of Pilot Commissioners appointed by the last Legislature—Messrs Wm. Wadhams, A. Van Dusen and D. K. Warren—met at Astoria on Tuesday, December 22d. This was the first meeting held by the Board. An organization was effected by the election of Mr. Wadhams as Chairman.

Messrs. Adair and Rogers, of the retiring board, appeared and duly delivered up the books and papers of the last board.

Resolved, That all branches heretofore issued by former boards of pilot commissioners for the Columbia river bar and river, and the Wallamet, are revoked, to take effect on the 20th of January, 1875, at which time the board will meet at the court house in Astoria for the purpose of receiving applications as bar pilots on the Columbia river bar, and as river pilots on the Columbia and Wallamet rivers. All applications should be made in writing and it is preferred that said applications be accompanied with the recommendations of two competent pilots, together with bonds or a guarantee that bonds will be entered into, in accordance with the statutes.

Several communications were read and placed on file, among which was one from the Portland Board of Trade, asking for an increased number of pilots for the Columbia river bar, in which request this board unanimously concurred, and we respectfully request the owners of the tug *Astoria* to employ at least two additional pilots upon said tug.

On motion the president of the board was requested to inform Capt Flavel, the managing owner of the tug *Astoria* of the foregoing request, and that notice by the board be given each of the branch pilots of the bar and river of the revocation of their license in accordance with the action of the board this day.

On motion, the board adjourned to meet in Astoria Tuesday, January 26, 1875 unless sooner convened by order of the president of the board.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The firm of Lasher & Hawes has been dissolved, the former gentleman retiring.

See ad. of Samuel's directory among new advertisements.

SEWING MACHINES—G. W. Traver, Third and Morrison.

A merry Christmas at Museum, to-day.

THE "POET LABORER" SPEAKS.

The public have certainly not forgotten an individual who resided several years ago in East Portland, and who supported the euphonious cognomen of Stephen Maybell, yclept the "Poet Laborer." Maybell was inspired by the "divine afflatus," and often perpetrated what might sometimes be mistaken for poetry. During his brief sojourn in the State, he wrote a number of poems some of which possessed a fair degree of merit—that appeared from time to time in the *Herald*. Not finding rhyming as remunerative as desirable, Maybell assumed the role of lecturer and traveled over most of the State lecturing and giving readings. He did not succeed very well, and soon after left the State for California. Since that time he has resided about San Francisco and been connected with the stage, often appearing in light comedy business. At one time Maybell was contributor to the *Golden Era*. Of late his game has almost entirely disappeared from public view in connection with literature.

In a late number of the *S F Call* appears an article from Maybell's pen entitled "A Speculation," which we republish. After speaking at some length about the extreme drought prevailing in California, the "poet laborer" says:

Real estate began to wilt, and you could almost get a good sized farm for a chunk of ice in the more southern counties. Things were getting uncomfortably dry, when the refreshing news burst upon us like a morning shower bath, "that there was rain in Oregon." In a moment the cry went up from a thousand thirsty-throats, "Oregon! give us Oregon, or give us—a drink!" and an exodus began toward the land of the setting sun—the seal-ms of old Pluvius.

Among those pilgrims grim was a tender youth, who was doubtless ordained for some good purpose; who soon, by his industry in those realms of old Pluto amassed a snug though humble number of those yellow pieces of metal that bear the motto: "In God we trust. Twenty dollars." Being a youth of observation, he noticed that every other house in Portland was a real estate office, and pausing before the entrance of one, at which was displayed in gorgeous colors a mammoth map of a city rivalling London in proportions, he inquired of the elegantly oiled and curled, and scented, young man in the doorway.

"What city is that?"

"Why! that's the great city of East Portland," was the answer.

The youth cast his melancholy gaze across the Wallamet to the place so named, but nothing could he see but a tangled and shadowy mass of pines, and he exclaimed, "The great city of East Portland? the d—l!"

"Yes, sir! the terminus of the Great Salt Lake and also the California and Oregon railroads." Then placing his finger on a red line of crayon drawn across what was intended to represent a river, he added, "The BRIDGE alone, sir, will increase the value of the property ten-fold."

"The BRIDGE," murmured the youth, gazing out upon the waters—"Where?"

"Why, sir, here on the map."

"Ah! yes, I see, on the map. How much a lot?' again murmured the youth.

"You can take a pair of 'em for $500," was the reply.

The youth's face became of a serious and meditative cast, his gaze wandered to the wilderness across the Wallamet, and as he gazed the dark and shadowy pines slowly changed into beautiful spires and fanes and domes, while the purple waves of his beloved Wallamet kissed marble shores from whose virgin steps rose tier upon tier of proud and lofty palaces, and the great city of East Portland stood perfect in his mind's eye.

"Well?"

It was the voice of the real estate fiend.

Slowly, soft and low—as the voice of a dreamer—the youth mechanically said, "I'll take a couple."

The deed was done.

East Portland had suddenly become a lively town; great were its expectations. It had "railroad terminus" fever bad—very bad! But BRIDGE was its peculiar and special hobby, and the Youth on moving there, found that his fellow property owners had BRIDGE on the brain. BRIDGE was the only topic in East Portland. Some affirmed it would be completed by the first of May; others, less sanguine, said "no; not until August;" but May passed, August passed, and the BRIDGE was still in projection, and the town in dejection. A year passed, and yet another, and still the ancient scow made her dismal voyages from shore to shore, for no stately bridge had as yet taken away her traffic. The demand for "lots" in East Portland began to shrink, until you could buy 'em for a poem. One by one those East Portlanders folded their blankets and silently stole away, a few grangers remained who said the town "would make a pooty good farm anyway." The mighty city of East Portland yielded a good crop, for there were some five farms in it. But the Youth! you say—"What became of the Youth?" The conundrum remains unsolved; but the legend relates that he disappeared in a mysterious manner. He was last seen sitting upon the river bank singing a melancholy lay. Next day his hat was discovered on the shore with its owner nowhere to be seen.

Following the above, is the poem entitled "The Bridge Across the Willamette," which was published several years ago, and often recited in public by the author.

"A BRIDGE ACROSS THE WILLAMETTE."

Behind the pines had sunk the sun,
And darkness flung o'er Oregon,
When on the banks of Willamette
A youth was seen to set and set,
And set and sing unto the moon,
A wild yet sweet, pathetic tune—
"I feel, I feel a bridge I feel it yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

The flat boat drifted slowly o'er,
And reached at last the other shore,
The Captain—brave, courageous soul!—
Pushed her to land with flashing pole—
When hark! from out the wood a strain—
That youth, that voice that wild refrain,
"They're going to build I feel it yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

Dark grew the night the south winds blew,
Down came the *Oregonian dew*
Down mountain sides the torrents pour'd,
The streamlets rose, the rivers roar'd—
Still sung that youth of webbed toes,
'Neath umbrell, in rubber clothes—
"They're going to build, I feel it yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

A Modoc Chief, in pure Chinook,
Cried, "Klahowya! tumtum nanmook,
Hiyou tyhe yah muckamucks,
Wawitch tikke tenas kumtux:
All s— white man, nika klonas,
Gumatick pannook skookum hyas,"
But silent grew his savage tongue,
For high above his war-whoops rung—
"There going to build, I feel it yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

A citizen from Yamhany
Who heard him from the brewery,
Sang out in voice full low, subjunctive mood:
Dot pridge vouldt, was pout blayed out;
Some dings I know I tole you soons,
Dem landagents was d—d schmart coons
Dot eyelvas in my pridge, you bet!
Dot pridge across dot Willamette!"

So Winter rains and Summer flowers
Passed on with sad and pleasant hours,
Yet still, sat on the river bank,
A man bald headed, lean and lank,
Grown old, still singing the same tune—
"I'm coming, coming, coming soon!
They're going to build I feel it yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

Years pass'd—there came a trav'ler roun'
To visit the East Portland town,
As on the river bank he stood,
He saw a sight that froze his blood
Right there, beneath the glaring sun,
There sat a ghastly skeleton,
Which turned its hideous, fleshless head,
And grinned most horrible and said
"They're going to build, I feel it yet
A bridge across the Willamette."

PACIFIC HOTEL, San Francisco, Dec. 11, 1874.

St Charles Hotel, Eugene City, is refitted in excellent style. Comfortable beds are provided and a first class table is set. Travelers will find it a most desirable home.

REMOVAL.

JNO. FINNEN, dealer in the finest brands of TOBACCO, will be pleased to see his old patrons and the public generally at his new store, First st., two doors north of Alder. New brands of Cigars just received.

TO THE LADIES OF PORTLAND.

MRS W N WALKER has established a first class DRESS MAKING ESTABLISHMENT in one of the new and Elegant Rooms on Stark Street between First and Second, at which place she would respectfully solicit your patronage.

GEO. H. CHANCE, Dentist,

Office—First Street,

(Nearly over Express Office,)

PORTLAND

If your neighbor owes you "make a note of it," and sell it to DeLashmutt & Oatman, who deal in Commercial Paper Claims, Collections, etc.

DeLASHMUTT & OATMAN,
d23d6t Retail Bankers.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The custom of the Christmas tree, which always gladdens the hearts of the young people, is one which has been in vogue for a great number of years. As a number of these festivities took place in the city last evening, a brief sketch of its history will not be out of place. It appears to have originated in Germany, where the houses were decorated with evergreens for the Christmastide. It was the custom to select a large bough for a conspicuous place, and on it were hung the presents for the children. After a time the bough became a tree, dressed with symbolical ornaments, and adorned with the gifts of the household, of which the children had much the larger share. The custom was imported into England and this country, and has now become almost universal, and each year adds fresh marvels and delights to the magical fruits of the tree. The mystery of the preparation is half its charm. The bright eyes of the little ones turn wistfully to the locked doors of the room that contains the wondrous tree, and they long to take a peep but they would not Oh, no! not they. Some still retain the Christmas tree in its old form—that is, after the ornaments are on, space is left for the children; others place all the family gifts on or under the tree, and after those of the children are distributed, the little ones discover and present the gifts of the older members of the family, and others again make of their Christmas trees mere show pieces, on which to arrange artistically the glittering baubles, the stars, angels, etc., and these are often accompanied by such costly ornaments that such a tree, without a gift on it, will cost hundreds of dollars. Such a magnificence must, of course, be on exhibition, for it is entirely too artistic and costly an affair to be thrown away on children alone, so it is advertised privately, and the acquaintances of the family visit it between Christmas and New Year's. It is, in truth, a tribute to family vanity, rather than family affection. The second plan seems to be the more desirable. The Christmas tree is then what it should be—the home center, sacred to the family, around which gather the old and young, linked to each other by loving embraces. It is understood that the tree belongs especially to the children; but it is well that they should feel that this festival is not entirely their own, and should be led to take an interest and pleasure in the gifts and the merry Christmas of the grown-up folks, and, in some sort, share their Christmas tree with them.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGIOUS, LOCAL, PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

[From the P. C. Advocate.]

The rooms of the Y. M. C. A. will soon be too small to accommodate the increasing numbers that attend the noonday prayer meetings. New life seems to be infused into this association, and if rightly conducted on Evangelical principles, it will prove a power for good.

The official board of the Taylor street M E church, have adopted the envelope plan for obtaining a systematic and regular income for meeting all the current expenses of the church. The secret of the efficiency of this plan is that it secures *weekly* contributions. It promises to work well.

[From the Sentinel.]

The members of the Father Mathew Society will attend 8 o'clock Mass at the Cathedral on New Year's morning in a body. Every member is expected to be present at 7½ A. M. on this important occasion.

A free temperance lecture will be given on the second Thursday in January (the 14th) at the Catholic library rooms, by Rev. A. J. Glorieux. All the members of the Father Mathew Society will be present, and all others are invited to attend.

Next New Year's day falling on Friday will be a day of abstinence from m— the same as any other Friday in the year—Christmas being the only exception to the rule of the church, and when that feast falls on Friday the use of meat at all meals is allowed, but not on any other festival.

SPECIAL CHURCH NOTICES.

Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Taylor and Third sts. Rev. R. Bentley, pastor, services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Young people's meeting at 6 P. M. Subject of the evening's discourse: Talk to our young People.

The Scandinavian Evangelical Lutheran Church has been admitted, until further notice to meet in the First Presbyterian Church, corner Third and Washington streets. The first service will be held this evening at 7 o'clock.

The services of the Unitarian Church on Sunday will be appropriate to the Christmas season and the close of another year. In the evening the subject is "The Leading Events of 1874, and their Bearing on the Present and Future."

This being the festival of the nativity, commonly called Christmas day, divine service will be held at St. Stephen's Chapel, Madison street, near Fourth, at 6 o'clock, early matin. At 11 o'clock there will be a sermon by the chaplain, with holy communion. Seats are free, and all are cordially invited to celebrate the birth of the Savior of the world, and to "rejoice in the Lord."

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., December 24th (a list was published December 19th)

A—Atwater, James (2).
B—Boyken, G M.
C—Closset, Mr.
D—Durkheimer, K.
E—Foley, Hugh; Freiland, J.
G—Glenn, H; Garrison, L B; George, M C.
H—Hooker, Fanny; Hicks, F; Holcomb, Mrs Samuel Hadlack, R Dillie; Holtan, John.
K—Krouts, John.
L—Lambert, Noah; Lovell, Mrs R J; Levy, J; Levy, E.
M—Manheim, C; Monnerelle, D; Mitchell, Geo. S—Shaw, Miss Sprague, Dan; Shannahan, Hattie, Richards, Stratton, J A; Simons, Adams
T—Thompson, Mrs Wm.
W—Wheeler, N E G

If you would have a happy Christmas go to the matinee at the Museum, 2 P. M., or to the entertainment at 7:30. The last night but one of the presentation of "Sylvia's Soldiers" and the screaming farce "My Wife's Out."

Matinee at 2 and performance at 7.30 P. M. on Saturday, at Museum.

Do You WANT a fine suit?
Do you want good under clothing?
Do you want stylish furnishing goods?
Do you want a No. 1 dress suit?
Do you want a first class overcoat?
Do you want to dress in style?
Do you want to save money?
Do you want to get entire satisfaction?
Do you want to be happy and contented?
Do you want to look well dressed?
If you do, then call on JOSEPH KORN, opposite the National Bank.

Every Devoted Wife

Who has an interest in her husband's welfare should be economical, and look well to his wants. Loving wives be wise and save. Advise your husbands to buy their choice little adjuncts for the Christmas table at Hart's Confectionary Store, First and Washington streets.

Thrones may be Vacated

And Empires upset, but the supremacy of Hart's fine Cigars and Tobacco can never be in danger. This is reliable testimony from disinterested persons.

LOOK AT THE LOW PRICES FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Fine French China Tea Sets, 44 pieces		$7 50
" "	Marble Vases, per pair	50
" "	Hand " "	75
" "	Chilli seed " "	75
" "	China " "	75
" "	Ruby " "	75
" "	Dore " "	1 50
" "	Sing la " "	3 00
" "	Poop See " "	1 25
" "	Bracket Lamps	2 00
" "	Stand from 25 cts to	10 00

A very large stock of HOLIDAY GOODS CROCKERY GLASSWARE and PLATED WARE at equally reduced rates. Give me a call.

H. W. MONNASTES,
129 First street, bet Morrison and Yamhill.

PAUSE WHILE YOU READ THIS! The season for parties and balls has arrived and the cold dreary days and nights of winter will soon visit us. Every young man, old man and boy for that matter, likes to present a neat appearance when attending parties, the theater, or walking about the streets. They like also desire to be well provided against the cold blasts of snow and rain. What contributes more to the personal appearance and comfort of a gentleman or boy, than a nice closely fitting suit of clothes, set off with a heavy warm overcoat? Why will any one be so foolish as to go without either when BECK & WALDMAN have everything in the line. Beck & Waldman in laying in their immense fall and winter stock of Clothing have exercised great care, and selected with reference to the demands of trade. They have purchased their goods low and are determined not to be undersold. Let the public note this fact.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent.

Hard work and failure do not despair. Buy your children Christmas candies at Harts and find out your money will go farther and give more satisfaction than at any where's else in the city.

OUR HOLIDAY ADVERTISERS.

To those in search of holiday goods we respectfully refer them to the numerous advertisers who are offering a full line of goods at prices calculated to suit all cl—. They need no further mention. By all means consult their announcements, and be sure to call.

BUSINESS COLLEGE.

National Business College, First street.

MUSIC AND ART GALLERY.

Gray's Music Store, Odd Fellows' Temple.

PERIODICALS.

Oregon Amateur, foot of Stark street.
Samuel's Directory, 5 Washington street.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.

B. L Stone—103 Front street.
L. C. Henrichsen—107 First street.
W. Friedlander—103 First street.
J. B. Miller—93 First street.

FURS.

Rummelin & Guttman—56 First street.
Lewis & Strauss—87 First street.

CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS.

Currier & Co.—73 First street.
Beck & Waldman—Washington and Front.
Jos. Kohn—opp. National Bank.
Wm. Harris—First street, Monnastes' bldg.
Meussdorffer—Front, near Morrison.

BOOKS, TOYS, ETC.

J. K. Gill—75 First street.
Chas. Hirstel & Co.—77 Front street.
Wm. Beck & Son—107 Front street.
C v. Wintzingerode—Stark st., near Gas Co.

MILLINERY AND DRY GOODS.

P. Van Fridagh—79 First street.
Lewis & Strauss—87 First street.
Mrs. Ach—87 First street.
John Wilson—107 Third street.
Harris & Blum—Odd Fellows' building.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.

Oregon Furniture M'f'r Co.—Front, near Washington.
Paul Richter—106 First street.

CONFECTIONERIES, OYSTERS, CIGARS, ETC.

Alisky & Hegele—107 First street.
Schmeer Bros.—First, near Stark.
The Gem—First and Stark streets.
Keith's—opp. National Bank.
W. A. Hart—First & Washington streets.
Joe Watson—Front, near Stark.
T. O'Brien—First and Stark.
John Fitzpatrick—First, near Alder.
Foster—American Exchange building.

GROCERIES.

Hacheney & Stemme—First and Taylor streets.
Farnsworth & Dutton—157 First.

OPTICAL GOODS.

Louis Rau—60, First street.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

W. Jackson & Co.—36 Front street.
H. W. Monnastes—120 First street.
H. H. Carpenter—First and Yamhill.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. Fleischner—127 First street.
J. Brady—5 Washington.

WILLOW-WARE, BROOMS, FANCY GOODS.

Zan Bros.—Front, near A.

MEATS, GAME, ETC.

J Keller—First and Morrison.
Cris. Schloth—Washington, near Third.
E H Garling—Second and Morrison.
Reid & Vogel—Central Market.
James Quinn—Washington, near Second.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

S Sherlock—61 Front street.
Welch & Morgan—Front, near Yamhill.

DRUGS AND PERFUMERY.

Wm. Pfunder—First and Oak streets.
Hodge, Calef & Co.—76 First street.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

Goldsmith & Loewenberg—32 and 34 Front street.

CUTLERY, ETC.

J. R. Foster—Front and Stark.

LIQUORS (WHOLESALE).

A. P. Hotaling & Co.—25 Front street.
H. Flecks—146 First.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

CLARENDON HOTEL.

G B Cakeen, Olympia
Capt I F Cox & wf, ship
Capt Ben Francis, bark Gloria
John Blake, San Fran
Miss Alice St John, S F
J G Kings, "
G H Greer, Tumwater
F E Smith, Kalama
Geo Brandt, Vancouver
F Jordan, Monroe
I Fridach, Denver
J O Spencer, Clifton
D Pugh, Salem
J H Francis, Ukiah
W Fristace, San Rafael
J D Miller, Harris Valley
J W Sprague, Olympia
J R Hayden, "
W Middleton, "
C W Young, "
Capt Howe, "
Mr Mayse, San Jose
Z Holly, Minn
W F Wallace, Dalton
C W Hoffman, Oysterville
L M King, "

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

H McDonald, Sand Island
P S Mahaney, Fir Grove
Sam'l D May, Ft Gibson
J A George, Hillsboro
Miss Belle Kosler, "
Hugh S Fell, Salem
L Washburn, "
S P Cole, Brooklyn
J Morris, county
C B McDonald, Salem

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

P B Fox, Dalles
C M Clark, "
T J Rochford, Kalama
Quirnan, "
F G Bochen, Dalles
D B Clark, Cornelius
Geo Morrow, Hillsboro
L C Kinney, Lafayette
Mrs F H Laighton, Umatilla
Grant Allen, Amity
J H Wilbur, Ft Simcoe
H K Burrows, Astoria
G J Reichlin, Siletz
N Gengerina, Scio
Mrs A Johnston, Salem
Frank Hill, Dayton
M Owens, Wash Co
Miss Chamberlin, Astoria
Miss Simpson, "
J H Weldon, S F
John Norton, S F

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

T G Boilling, Astoria
B VanDusen, "
F G Evans, Or City
R Peterson, Scotia
Henry Webb, "
F E Smith, Kalama
Capt Fleredt, Astoria
C W Hanson, "
T Hosford,

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE.

I.

Little familiar gate!
Gate of the home by the way;
Hour for which daily to wait,
Hour at the close of the day.

Hand in hand close pent,
Arm never trusted in vain!
Hearts in each other at rest,
Home, all home again!

II.

Gate through which all must pass,
Gate at the end of the way;
Men call it a Gate of Brass;
A prison-gate they say!

They think it can only divide,
Pitiless, heavy, and strong;
But we who have looked inside?
Know they have named it wrong:

Know it not strong, but weak,
Its bars all shattered and slight;
Mere bars of shadow, that streak
And prove the inner light:

Gate where all bonds shall break,
All severed hearts unite.

III.

Terrible, beautiful Gate
Gate of the Temple of God!
Well through the day we may wait
Till it open for us our shrine.

Hands in hands close pent,
Hearts past all parting and pain,
In God and each other at rest;
Home, all Home again!

Beautiful Gate of Life!
Gate at the end of the Way!
Well worth Day's toil and strife,
For that hour at the close of the day!

—*Good Words.*

CELIA'S MOTH.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

"There he is in the candle again!" exclaimed Celia, stopping her needles and whisking the half-finished stocking at a circling moth obstinately bent on perishing in the flame. "I wonder what moths were made for?—stupid things!"

"Made for the candle, perhaps," said Rory with a peculiar inflection in his lazy voice.

Celia gave him an impatient glance, but resumed her knitting without answering.

"It's all very well to call them stupid," continued Rory presently, "but, if the truth were told, don't you suppose the candle is?—the same, too?"

"No, I don't," answered Celia, shortly.

"Well, you ought to know," said Rory, with that queer accent again.

Celia threw down her knitting-work a second time. "I declare, Rory," she cried, "I won't be hinted at like this!"

"What can I do but hint—if you won't let me speak out?" said Rory.

"Well, speak out, then—make an end of it; may be it's better so," said Celia.

Rory's reply to this was to get up and come round the table to where Celia sat; whereupon Celia, in her turn, quietly slipped round and seated herself in his empty chair. Rory did not dare to follow, but he looked at her in a discomfited and imploring way that raised the ghost of a smile upon her hitherto stern little mouth. But she immediately became judge-like again.

"Now, just sit down there," she said, "and say out what you have to say."

"What's the use?" muttered Rory, sulky at being out-manœuvered. "You know it just as well as I do."

"Know what? Say it out, I tell you!"

"Why, that I—that you—O Celia! that I love you so much I can't say it!" cried Rory, a sudden boyish gush of tenderness melting through the little crust.

Here Celia dropped one of her knitting-needles, dived down for it, and came up with a red cheek. But her reply was practical in the extreme.

"Well, suppose you do, what does it amount to? I wouldn't marry a shirk, any way."

This time it was into Rory's dark face that the blood flew, and he bit his lip. Celia's words had stung deeper than she knew or meant, perhaps.

"What would you have me do?" he said, at last.

"Anything!" answered Celia, energetically. "Break a harness and break stones on the road would be better than nothing."

"But why should I work since my father left me enough."

"Why should you work?" interrupted Celia. "Why, for the sake of working. Yes, I know—more's the pity; your father did leave you just enough to dawdle along. Yes, you do dawdle, Rory—no use scowling like that; what else can you call the way you've spent your time ever since you came home? When it's rainy, you dawdle over your fishing-rod; and when it's pleasant, you dawdle under the trees with a book all day long; and then in the evening—"

"In the evening I dawdle round the candle," completed Rory, sarcastically.

"Yes, exactly; and I can tell you, Rory, the candle doesn't like it!"

"Doesn't it?" said Rory, getting up. "Well, good-night, then, Candle; I won't dawdle round you any more, this evening, anyhow!" With which speech he took his six feet of laziness out of the room.

Celia stopped the click of her needles, and listened for his tread on the stairs. She did not hear it, but what she did hear, next minute, was the closing with a bang of the side door, as to be in no very gentle mood. A little smile had then a little frown came over Celia's face.

"Where is he off to now, I wonder?" she said to herself, not condescending, however, to go to the window, and see what direction the truant was taking. "To Susy Tibbett's, perhaps; he has done that once or twice before when I put him out—and he was put out to-night! Well, I can't help it; I can't [illegible] and hold my tongue. If he chooses to revenge himself by going to Susy Tibbett's, why, he must, that's all. I suppose he won't expect me to sit up for him; he knows there's the pantry-window for folks that stay out late courting."

But Rory had not gone to Susy Tibbett's, albeit certain of being suffered there to hover round the candle as long and as close as he liked. He had gone down to the mill-stream, to a mossy stone where he had been wont, as Celia said, to dawdle with a fishing-rod; but there was no fishing-rod in his hand now, and no dawdling in his mood either. That word "shirk" was still rankling within him; it was not by any means the first time that Celia had scolded him for being lazy, but that epithet somehow seemed to point and drive home the reproach in quite a new way.

Rory was lazy, there is no denying that. You saw it in the languid grace of his well-developed figure; in the peculiar curve of his lips; in the very way in which the heavy lids rose slowly from his eyes, as if it were hardly worth the trouble; in motion and outline, as in coloring, the southern mother was betrayed in him. Yet, underlying all the tropical warmth and softness, was the firmer stratum that came from the New England ancestry on the other side; and just as you were surprised, when the black lashes were lifted, to see a pair of deep-blue eyes set in the olive face, so you were surprised sometimes to see those large, sleepy eyes kindle into a keenness of comprehension and energy foreign to his whole exterior. To repeat, the rock lay under all, only it lay so deep that it was seldom touched. But it had been touched, to-night. He had left Celia in one of those flashes of anger not at all unusual with him; but he seated himself now on the stone by the mill-brook with an uncommonly well-defined purpose of thinking it all out; "it" being Celia, himself, and his own position with regard to her and things in general.

What that was does not require many words to explain. Rory—and here it may be remarked that he did not owe his Irish name to any Irish blood, but to the inability of one of his father's farm-hands to—as he phrased it—get his tongue round the little fellow's name. For Captain Trent, with that peculiar taste in nomenclature not infrequently to be observed in the New Englander born and bred, had called his boy Rosario, after the South American settlement where he had met his wife; and, this appellation being unmanageable to more tongues than Pat McGinnis's, that worthy's solution of the difficulty had been speedily adopted by everybody. Rory Trent, then, was the orphan son of a South American Spaniard and a roving New Englander, who had been a sailor and a little of everything else before becoming a settler in Buenos Ayres, where he made considerable money in sheep, which he afterward lost in speculation. Shortly after his marriage, the fancy took him to return to his native town, which he accordingly did, richer than when he left it by a wife and a fortune. But he did not retain either very long. The dark-eyed Peruvian pined and drooped in that uncongenial air; and, before the village folks were tired of gossiping about her outlandish garb and ways, one bleak November day they were bidden to a hushed assembly, where "the foreign woman" lay, rigid enough now, her outlandish garb exchanged for colorless grave-clothes, then the black, frozen clods of the little New England cemetery closed over the stranger from the far-away land of the vine and the palm, and there was nothing left to tell of her save that mound and a motherless little boy.

Captain Trent followed his wife before many years, but not until he had succeeded in making ducks and drakes of his recently-acquired money by rash speculation, and the undertaking of New England farming on a South American scale, with the result to be expected from more zeal than discretion. That accomplished—concluding, perhaps, that he had about exhausted this world—he betook himself to another, leaving Rory with the wreck of his property—just enough, as Celia had said, to let him dawdle along through life. Boy and property were confided to the care of the captain's half-brother, Jacob Wetherell, who was to give the lad a home during his minority, send him to college—this being expressly stipulated by the testator, with the exaggerated ideas of the advantages of that institution peculiar to those who have not shared them—and be altogether a father to the fatherless boy.

The provisions of the will had been duly carried out. Rory, grown up, had passed his four years within the university walls, and left them the wiser, no doubt, by all that experience of prank-playing and authority-cheating which are among the benefits of a collegiate course. Otherwise, it cannot be said that he had particularly distinguished himself. He had just graduated, and returned home at the age of twenty-two, healthy, handsome and lazy, with his life all before him, and no apparent notion of what to do with it beyond smoking, idling and making love, in season and out of season, to his cousin, Celia Witherell.

As for this last pastime, no one, seeing Celia, would be disposed to blame him. She was the type we all know in New England, and shall hardly meet with out of it; a mixture of fun and gravity, sentiment and shrewdness; so pretty, it seemed that she must be good for nothing, and so capable, one felt that she ought to be ugly; kind, keen and clever; fresh and sweet as an opening brier-rose, with all the rose's bloom and some of its thorns—as luckless Rory could testify. Occupied herself from morning till night, she looked with extreme disfavor on his purposeless existence, as she regarded it. But then, as it happened, he had one purpose, and that was to make her his wife; so, when she said, to-night, with such uncompromising plainness, that she would never marry a shirk, the words went straight home as no others could have done. He could not get rid of them; the mill-current seemed to ripple to their tune; they formed the basis both of the thoughts of anger and mortification that ran through his mind while he sat on the stone thinking it out, and of the plan that had taken shape before he returned home to let himself in at the pantry-window, unheard by anybody but Celia, who, though she would not sit up for folk that staid out courting, nevertheless did not sleep till she had heard said folk come in.

The next morning at breakfast, Rory astonished his Uncle Jacob by inquiring if there were not some books of his father's about the house.

"I guess so," answered the old farmer, intent on the carving of a pink-and-white ham, artistically picked out with black-pepper spots. "But what do you want of South American books, hey, Rory?"

"Only because I'm going there myself," was Rory's startling answer.

Celia improvidently dropped five large lumps of sugar, one after another, into her father's coffee-cup, and the old man himself left the knife quivering half-way in the ham.

"You are going to South America!" he repeated, wrinkling up his eyebrows, the better to stare at Rory. "Why, bless the boy, he ain't waked up yet!"

"On the contrary, Uncle Jacob, I've just waked up," answered Rory, with a side glance at Celia. "And quite time, too. I must see something of the world, you know; of course I can't be always hanging round here doing nothing."

Considering that at that time yesterday Rory had not appeared to find the slightest difficulty in such a mode of life, it was no wonder if Uncle Jacob was somewhat surprised by the decided way in which this statement was advanced. But, as his nephew stuck to his plan, the old man, too, was soon brought round to regard it as, on the whole, an excellent idea. So the thing was settled, and Rory, with an eager energy which Uncle Jacob declared he had not thought was in the boy, set about his preparations forthwith, and gave no rest to himself or anybody else till all was ready.

"Good-by, Celia," he said, as he held his cousin's hand at the moment of departure. "The moth's going where he won't trouble you again for one while, at any rate! The Lord knows if I'll ever come back, but, whatever happens, whether I live or die, you shan't call me a shirk again." Then he looked at her will his great, pleading, deep-blue eyes, which said all that prideled his tongue from saying, kissed her twice, thrice, passionately, and was gone.

Celia, perhaps, if she could have ordered all exactly to her liking, would not have had her moth fly quite so far off, but she was not one to look back, her hand once put to the plow; she had spoken for Rory's good, come what might of it; if he was thereby lost to her, at least he was gained to himself as she believed, and she was not going to regret her work because it was working itself out beyond her anticipation. So she kept on cheerily along the round of her daily duties, those multifarious cares known only to farmers' wives and daughters, who, whatever happens, must be prepared for seed-time and harvest. Celia was as capable a little mistress as ever lived, and her quick eye and step pervaded the house like a spring breeze; she was here, there, and everywhere, providing for the men, overseeing the maids, scolding them, too, sometimes, no doubt, all through the week, and then on Sundays ready in her place in the choir, with her voice and face as fresh as her go-to-meeting best, laid up in lavender and rose-leaves; leading, in short, the good, old-fashioned, orthodox village life, including, perhaps, the "sparking," who knows? for she was not only the prettiest girl in town, but an only child, whose father possessed substantial charms of another sort.

Rory, meanwhile, was doing well "over there," as they called the great, far-away, tropical country, whose distance in crossing he seemed somehow to have bridged over for those left behind in the red house under the northern pines and maples. He had been very lucky, he wrote, in the partnership into which he had entered; was not making money with a rush, exactly, but was certainly not losing it; was getting very rich in experience, if not in gold. His letters were assuredly prosaic enough, they dealt less with description than with facts, and with sentiment least than all; the wildest stretch of imagination could not have made them into love-letters; they might have been read aloud on town-meeting day without raising a blush on Celia's cheek. Yet still there was always some allusion which nobody but herself could understand, something which, without any direct appeal, was meant to refresh old memories which might yet be alive in her heart. So, at least, the girl fancied, until she remarked certain other allusions, more frequent of late, to the cousin he had found over there, the cousin Juanita, who owned miles of vineyard, who had the largest eyes and the smallest feet, and was the best bolero dancer of all the señoritas in that whole region. Then a doubt gradually formed itself in Celia's mind, a doubt strengthened by the innocent comment of Uncle Jacob, who had no more notion of any special tenderness, between his daughter and his nephew, than if they had been a pair of lovers in the moon, instead of right under his silver-bowed spectacles. "The boys following in his father's track," chuckled the worthy man; and in her heart Celia believed that her father was right. Then, over her knitting, she would try to make a picture for herself of Juanita, as she looked dancing that outlandish but no doubt bewitching dance, the bolero, and the Spanish girl's black eyes would flash and her little feet twinkle curiously all through the staid New England conversation, till, finally, when Mark Wilson, or young Dr. Heath, or Lewis Saunderland from over the hill, had said good-night and gone away, Celia would betake herself to her chamber, there to piece out the broken images again in dreams, and fancy she heard Rory's rich voice singing serenades under the thick-blossomed creepers, and saw the gleam of gold in Juanita's black cloud of tresses, till she started suddenly broad awake, with the sun in her eyes, and Peter's whistle in her ears, as he went out to fodder the cattle in the early morning. Then she would half smile as she rose and made her simple but dainty toilet, and, standing before the glass, shook loose over her fair face the thick waving locks that needed no foreign ornament to give them the gleam of gold; then she would go lightly down stairs, for she must set the whole household machinery in motion; she must see that others ate and drank; she must eat and drink herself, and amid her multiplicity of occupations she had no time to pine or pale, and so the new day would wear pleasantly enough to a close, like those that had gone before and should follow after it.

Some four years slipped away, and then—Rory came home, suddenly, without a word of warning; he said. And a huge surprise it was; only, after a little, he had dropped so completely in his old place that it seemed as if he had never been away. So said Uncle Jacob.

"You ain't a bit changed, not a bit," went on the old man. "You're brown enough—yes, but then you always was a coffee-color, you know, Rory, hey?"

"I know," answered Rory, returning the old man's laugh. "But I am changed for all that, Uncle Jacob. Ask Celia."

"Well, well, perhaps you be, perhaps you be," said the old man. "My eyes ain't what they were—nor my glasses neither. I shall have to buy a new pair, I guess." But the change in his nephew was one which no new pair of glasses—nor even of eyes, unless they had been Celia's—would have enabled Uncle Jacob to see.

"S'pose we sha'n't keep you long?" continued he presently. "You'll be in a hurry to get back again?"

"No, Uncle Jacob," answered Rory; "I've come home for good. I mean to try and turn to account here what I've managed to pick up out there."

"Aha! didn't I say so? Going to do just as his father did!" chuckled the old farmer, oblivious, apparently, of the fact that neither his father's agricultural nor matrimonial ventures had thriven in transplanting. "But you'll have to go back, though, to fetch your bride. When's it to be, eh, lad? when's the wedding coming off?"

"The wedding?" repeated Rory, dreamily; then, with a start and a smile, "Oh, some time next year, I expect."

"Then it really was to be," thought Celia, as she watched Rory's unconscious face. How strange that she should have been the one to send him half across the world to find a wife in this unknown cousin who otherwise would doubtless have remained unknown to him forever. Well, she did it for the best, she told herself, as often before, but this time she could not thus console herself quite so readily. And just then Rory's eyes turned suddenly full upon her, and she blushed guiltily, and got up and went into the kitchen, remembering all at once that Nancy Walsh was a raw girl, and was probably spoiling whatever she had in hand.

Two or three days passed by much as of old.

"Do you expect anybody to-night, Celia?" asked Rory, one evening.

"No, not that I know of," answered Celia, rather in surprise. "Why?"

"Nothing, only as Dr. Heath was here last night, and Lewis Saunderland the night before, and Mark Wilson the night before that, I was wondering if you had one for every evening in the week?"

"What nonsense, Rory!" said Celia, turning away in search of something in her work-basket.

"Is it nonsense?" said Rory. "I'm sure I hope so, for then we have a prospect of a quiet evening."

A very quiet evening they seemed to have a prospect of, for it was a long time before either of them spoke a word. They sat opposite each other, with the light-stand between; Celia knitting, and Rory lazily watching her quick little fingers fly in and out among the needles. Both, perhaps, thought of just such an evening four years before.

"There's your moth back again, Celia," said Rory, suddenly.

Celia looked up with a start—first at Rory and then at a large moth which in fact was circling uncertainly round the candlewick.

"Yes, but he's grown shy; he'll be off again in a minute," said the girl, unconsciously following out the thought of her mind.

"What odds will you bet on that?" asked Rory.

"Betting is wrong," said Celia, demurely.

"Not between cousins," returned Rory, with equal gravity. "This coral-headed pin of mine to—let me see—to that rose in your hair, that Mr. Moth stays and singes himself?"

Celia did not refuse, and silence consented. They kept quiet, and watched and waited.

Not for very long. The winged simpleton advanced, retreated, advanced nearer, executed a few zizzag flights and eccentric curves, then made a blind dash at the flame, and fell scorched on the table.

"Well?" said Rory, coming round to Celia, and his eyes looking straight into hers, while he detached the rose. That required time and patience, for it was a thorny bud, and, by the time Rory had finished, one of his fingers was bleeding.

"You pay dear for your whistle," said Celia.

"No dearer than I expected," answered Rory. "I knew it was a briar-rose," and again he looked at her. He did not go back to his former seat then, but drew a chair beside her, and leaned his elbow on the table where the moth was still feebly fluttering.

"Poor old fellow!" said Rory, looking down at it with a queer smile, "come and die in honey." And he picked it up and placed it on the rose-leaves. "Moths like roses, too," he said.

"You're thinking of butterflies," said Celia, knitting away most industriously.

"What the difference?" asked Rory.

"Oh, I don't know—ever so much!"

"Well, yes, so much, at any rate—butterflies are rovers, and moths are constant—to the candle."

There was another long pause.

"Do you remember just such an evening as this four years ago, Celia," said Rory, at last, "when you called me a shirk, and sent me about my business?"

"O, Rory!" said Celia, reproachfully, "I did hope you wouldn't remember all my silly speeches against me."

"Against you," repeated Rory. "Those were the kindest words you ever spoke to me. Made a man of me. Came just in time, too, for a little longer, and I should have settled down into a regular village lounger—like old Tom Wiley, perhaps—hanging about the stores, sitting on molasses barrels, and drinking old Jamaica. Might have come to that—who knows?"

Both laughed.

"But, Celia," said Rory, presently, "I'm not a shirk now, and—is there any chance for me? You know you're all the world to me, dear."

The transition from molasses to sentiment was so abrupt that it confused Celia, for a moment. Then she remembered Juanita, and her lips compressed. How dare Rory play with her like that?

"Rory," she said quickly, "you ought not to talk so to me."

"Why not?" said unabashed Rory.

"O!—you know."

"No, I don't. Is it Dr. Heath or Lew—?"

"No, no! But—aren't you going to marry your cousin?"

"I hope so!" said Rory, fervently.

"Well, then!"

"Well," repeated Rory, "what of that?"

"What of that!" echoed Celia, with a wondering glance at him, as if to make sure he had not been taking just a drop of old Tim Wildy's specific—"why you can't marry two people, and you know you said yourself the wedding would be next year?"

"Oh, you're thinking of Juanita? Yes, but her wedding wont be mine, you know?"

"Not—yours—?"

"Of course not! She's going to marry a Spanish fellow as light-heeled as she is. They danced into love altogether, and now they're going to dance into matrimony."

"Oh!" Scarcely to save her life could Celia have spoken more than one word, nor have looked up into the dusky blue eyes she felt were waiting for hers.

"Did you think Juanita was the cousin I hoped to marry?" said Rory, in a lower voice. "I've got another cousin—Celia—"

Silence; and Celia knitting as if for a wager. Rory leaned forward and captured both her hands in defiance of the darting needle-points and the imminent risk of another wounded finger. "Celia," said he, "is it Dr. Heath or I?"

"It's—not Dr. Heath—" said Celia, and then knitting and needles became entangled in hopeless confusion, and I am afraid some of the stitches in that stocking had to be taken over again.

* * * * * * *

"Talking of Juanita, Celia," said Rory, by and by, "as I told you, the packing me off was the making of me; but, all the same, wasn't it something of a risk? How did you know but I might turn out a butterfly instead of a moth?"

"No danger," laughed Celia, ignoring all her previous doubts and fears. "Once a moth, always a moth!"

Rory answered this saucy speech as it deserved. But his reply cannot be set down on paper.—*Appleton's Journal.*

THE PLOW.

Clear the brown path to meet the coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow!
First in the furrow, as the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line along the burning soil,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hill-side where the laboring train
Stands the long rack that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley, trenched with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way.
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles gleaming round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

A French Actor.

An old habitue of the Theater du Palais Royal, Paris, babbling, in the columns of *London Society*, of the scenes he has witnessed in this celebrated temple of Thespis, tells a couple of amusing incidents of Grasset, the inimitable comedian and practical joker. The stage-manager of the theater was a perfect martinet, and, although kind at heart, his rule was minutely and relentlessly rigid. He was especially scrupulous in the matter of fines, which were inflicted upon the pockets of the actors as punishment for every offense. By a certain regulation of the theater, any person guilty of unparliamentary language, was subjected to a pecuniary mulct. This rule was the source of perpetual amusement as well as of annoyance to the company, from the elastic interpretation of which it was susceptible. One evening, when the stage-manager was busily engaged in his little den adjoining the stage, he heard some one calling him at the head of the stairs leading up to the dressing-rooms, and urging him to come quickly. Rushing out of his den he exclaimed, "What's wanting?" Looking up he saw Grasset bending down over the banisters. "Coupest, my friend," said the joker, in his blandest tone, "if I should call you an idiot,—I do not call you so,—but, if I should, how much would it cost me?"

Grassot dwelt a long way from the Palais Royal, and, in order to abridge the walk between his home and the theater, he hit upon the expedient of joining one of the funeral-processions which wound their lugubrious way, in almost endless succession, along the path he for convenience chose to take. Stopping one of the coaches and quickly taking his place among the mourners, he was easily mistaken, in his dress of sober black, for a friend of the defunct; more especially as he made free use of the fine cambric-handkerchief he always carried. One day, however, he overshot his mark. The coach in which he coolly seated himself was already occupied by three persons, who seemed but modestly afflicted over the business they were prosecuting. Grassot, seeing this from a feeling of opposition, or possibly deploring their insensibility, applied the handkerchief to his eyes with unusual assiduity, and sobbing violently, murmured in a low voice, "How sad! how sad! poor thing, how I pity her!"

"What do you mean by *her?*" asked the man sitting next to him.

"How sad!" continued Grassot, renewing his sobs, "so very young!"

"Young!" retorted the other; "he was 68 last birthday."

"It is not for him I am weeping," said the actor, who was groping for a clue to his error, "it is not for him,—it is for his children!"

"He never had any," coolly rejoined his neighbor.

Luckily, just here the coach stopped, and Grassot hastily made his escape, resolved next time, as he pithily expressed it, "to use fewer words and more handkerchief."

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Shortly before his departure for India the lamented Heber preached a sermon which contained this beautiful sentiment:

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us, we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and Eternal.

"Past all Dishonor."

MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL.—A MAGDALEN'S DEATH.

A combination of circumstances led me to become a frequent passenger, in the summer of 18—, on a steamboat leaving the wharves of New York, whose destination was Boston. A person who has been fortunate enough to make this journey in favorable weather need not be told that the trip is delightful, particularly so if it be made in one of those "floating palaces" belonging to the "Fall River Line."

On one of these occasions, just before the boat started, a pretty girl, of perhaps seventeen or eighteen, stepped aboard, inquired for the steward, and secured a state-room, saying she was going through to Boston. Her manner was easy and self-possessed, yet a certain audacious sauciness in her splendid brown eyes, the jaunty way in which she wore her Turkish hat, her independent air, and a nameless suggestion of mischief which appeared to lurk in every movement, arrested the observer's attention, and seemed to indicate that she was proficient beyond her years in the world's knowledge; that her tutelage, to say the least, had partaken more of lenience than of prudence. Her dress was rich and exquisitely becoming, but with no attempt at conspicuous ornament. Her hair was of the same rich brown color as her eyes, and fell down to her waist, resting as lovely on her fair young shoulders as if each separate hair were endowed with electric life.

From the moment the vessel started she was the target of universal attention. The ladies eyed her very narrowly, and criticised her dress and manner with that merciless severity known only to the gentler sex. The gentlemen

CAST SLY GLANCES OF ADMIRATION

from beneath their hats and behind their newspapers, and the gravest of them looked more amiable at sight of her bright eyes and childish countenance.

As we swept out into the sound she came on deck, where most of the gentlemen and several ladies were congregated, and directed a fusilade of small conversation at the captain, addressing him in a tone of reckless levity, and with a familiarity which startled the ladies and amused the gentlemen, and otherwise conducted herself in a manner which left no doubt as to her social status. In less than ten minutes every lady on board was her avowed enemy, and not at all afraid to let it be known; but she chattered on in her rollicking way, regardless of smiles or frowns, apparently the irredeemable devotee of thoughtlessness and folly.

The afternoon drifted slowly by, freighted with a delicious languor, as the majestic vessel plunged steadily onward through the waste of waters. The passengers lounged listlessly from deck to cabin, reading, drowsing, or musing, as their various temperaments inclined them, but all yielding to some extent to the dreamy contentment which seemed to pervade the atmosphere.

We were all on deck shortly after tea admiring the sunset, which flooded the sea and sky with a transforming splendor. It was a gay company; not a sad face could be found among us all. The too intense heat of the day had subsided, and a soft breeze had sprung up; to breathe the air was, in itself, an inspiration.

Our irrepressible and too-confiding young lady passenger was there,

AND HER CHILDISH LAUGH RANG OUT

above the rest. She had selected the good-natured captain and one or two of his officers as the especial object of her flippant, though by no means vicious, raillery; and they permitted it, partly from an acquired habit of affability toward all passengers and partly because they were amused by her irresistible vivacity.

The lady passengers, of course, shunned and kept aloof from her as from a noxious poison, as if her very contact would breed pestilence. The gentlemen did likewise, to a great extent; more, I believe, from a tender regard for feminine opinion than from any considerable instinct of horror.

Suddenly the smile died on her lips, and her face became inexpressibly sad and earnest, as she gazed far out across the water. Her attitude and expression, as she stood thus, formed a picture which will never fade in my memory; she looked so innocent, so childlike, and so intensely sorrowful.

In a moment she turned to the captain, with something of her old manner. Reaching up her delicate white hands, she took hold of his abundant whiskers on each side of his face, as the reader has seen a petted daughter caress her father, and, looking up into his face, asked, with great solemnity:

"Did you ever want to die, Captain?"

"Well, no, my child," he replied, somewhat surprised at her changed manner, "I can't say that I ever had a great desire to die."

"And if you had such a desire, what would you do?"

"Oh! in that case," said he, as he loosed her hands and turned away, "I think, as it would be the most available method, I should jump overboard and drown myself."

Scarcely had he finished speaking, when she whirled, put one foot on the railing,

AND LEAPED INTO THE SOUND.

The whole movement was so instantaneous that it was impossible for any one to anticipate or prevent it.

A cry of horror went up from those who saw the movement. Some stood transfixed and unable to move, while others hurried about in confused excitement. The captain and his crew worked like the noble men they were, and had the boats lowered and manned almost instantly.

A moment after her disappearance she came to the surface. There was nothing expression, and she made no save herself. I saw her face she came up, and fancied I it the same sorrowful look it had worn a few moments before, though even that expression could not wholly deprive it of a certain jaunty grace which became it well.

It was only a momentary glimpse which we had of her, for she disappeared just as the first boat touched the water, and we never saw her afterward, though every possible effort was made to find her.

I think I never saw sadder men than those rough sailors, when they pulled the heavy yawl alongside and replied to a hundred simultaneous interrogatories: "We found no trace of her at all."

And later, when looking through her state-room, they found a little satchel, and in it, among other trifles, a crumpled bit of note-paper

WITH VERSES WRITTEN ON IT

in a small, cramped hand, the pure, sweet tears of human sympathy as they read, fell on the paper like a benison.

I preserved a copy of the verses, and will reproduce them here. I am unable to say whether they are original or not. If a quotation, I have never been so fortunate as to read them in any published book:

A MAGDALEN'S DEATH.

I can no longer endure this polluting,
This festering breath;
Gladly I fly to the refuge that's left me—
Merciful death
Not sadly, tearfully,
But gladly, cheerfully,
Go to my death.

Priests may refuse to grant sanctified burial
Here unto me;
Father, I thank Thee! a blessing is always held
O'er the sea.
Ayc in its wildest foam,
Aye in its thickest gloom,
Hest is the sea.

Welcome, O sea! with thy breakings and dashings,
That never shall cease!
Down in thy angriest, stormiest waters,
O! hide me in peace!
Pay to the weary face,
Come to thy resting-place,
Slumber in peace.

THIS WAS ALL. NO CLEW TO TELL

if there were any on earth to whom she had been dear. No last word for those who might, perhaps, wait patiently to learn her fate, but wait in vain, until painful apprehension subsided into calm despair. No explanation of the motives of that rashness which had thus set its daring foot upon the laws of nature, which are the laws of God.

We know the deep sea holds many secrets such as these, which never will be fathomed till the end of time: and, knowing this, is it the part of manhood or of womanhood to sit in judgment on that which the Creator has folded in mystery? For what power, save the far-reaching prescience of the Almighty God, can lay bare the complex motives of the human heart? Is it more than justice to demand that judgment be suspended until the sea gives up its dead, and the dead give up their secrets?

I have no sympathy with that apotheosis of vice which would, in any case, exalt the wanton into an heroine; but, in all sincerity, is it not time that she received more of charity and less of censure, more of pity and less of scorn, from those who can afford to be magnanimous? For what among earth's impotent creatures, receives less of charity and more of censure than she? And surely nothing in heaven or earth stands more in need of pity, or less receives it.

THEO. CARPENTER.

Bits of Wisdom.

To love is to be useful to yourself; to cause love is to be useful to others.—*Berenger.*

Writers trouble themselves to amplify what their readers trouble themselves to abridge.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.—*Rochefoucauld.*

The gods give nothing really good and beautiful without labor and diligence.—*Xenophon.*

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

He is the happiest man who can place the end of his life in connection with the beginning.—*Goethe.*

Impossible things are always being done, else the world would have been all moor by this time.—*Macdonald.*

I say beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes.—*Thoreau.*

Old minds are like old horses; you must exercise them if you wish to keep them in working order.—*John Adams.*

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief,—enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.—*Bulwer.*

Aloft, on the throne of God, and not below, in the footprints of a trampling multitude, are the sacred rules of right, which no majorities can displace or overturn.—*Charles Sumner.*

If we use common words on a great occasion they are the most striking, because they are felt at once to have a particular meaning, like old banners on every-day clothes hung up in a sacred place.—*G. Eliot.*

The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one—it has no conscience. Napoleon is the readiest instance of this. If his heart had borne any proportion to his brain, he had been one of the greatest men in all history.—*Lowell.*

One of the most melancholy things in the world is the enormous power for evil of the dead over the living. There is hardly a great painter or writer, or a man who had achieved greatness in any direction, whose name has not been used to repress rising genius.—*Hammerton.*

It is always chilling in friendly intercourse to say you have no opinion to give. And if you deliver an opinion at all, it is mere stupidity not to do it with an air of conviction and well-founded knowledge. You make it your own in uttering it, and naturally get fond of it.—*G. Eliot.*

One may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate, but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator.—*Webster.*

Society, my friend, is a wall of very strong masonry, and will stand; it may be snapped in the course of a thousand years, but stormed in a day—no! You dash your head against it—you scatter your brains, and you dislodge a stone. Society smiles in scorn, effaces the stain and replaces the stone. I no longer war against society. I do war against a system in that society which is hostile to me.—*Lord Lytton.*

The real mesalliance is that of souls; and ever, as more than one young man, without home, or birth, or fortune, is a marble column which sustains a temple of grand sentiments and grand ideas, so you may find a satisfied and opulent man of the world, with polished boots and varnished speech, who, if you look not at the exterior but the interior, that is to say, at what is reserved for the wife, is nothing but a stupid joist, darkly haunted, violent by impulse and debauched passions, the sign-post of a tavern.—*Victor Hugo.*

Attar of Roses.

This valuable and well-known scent, the name of which is a corruption of the Arabic *atr*, which means "perfume," is manufactured on a large scale in the East, and especially in the valley of Kezanlik, south of the chain of the Balkans, in Roumelia. Nothing can equal the fairy-like view presented by this valley in the month of May. As far as the eye can reach, the wayfarer sees nothing but saki roses in flower. The ground is thickly strewn with their petals, and the rocks are completely overgrown with these beautiful plants. Long before the conquest of Andrinople by Amurath I., in the fourteenth century, the roses of Kezanlik were celebrated, and the essence extracted from them rivalled those of Persia and Egypt. Even now its manufacture is the chief source of wealth the inhabitants possess. The flowers, which are either white or rose-colored, grow naturally on the southern slope of the Balkan; nevertheless, artificial planting is also resorted to. Three years after this operation the bushes begin to produce, and continue to do so for ten years; they are allowed to grow in their own way and are never pruned, but only cleansed of dead branches and leaves. In May the flowers are gathered, an operation which lasts upward of three weeks. The morning crop is distilled the same evening, else its perfume would be lost; the water is distilled again repeatedly on fresh leaves, and the essence, which comes to the surface, is taken up with spoons. It takes fifty-two pounds of roses, or about 130,000 of the latter, to get an ounce of essence; and the valley of Kezanlik alone throws into trade 4,000 pounds of it. Its price is about 500 francs per pound. The women and children employed in the distilleries and in getting in the crop earn fifty cents a day. Such a costly essence is, of course, exposed to much adulteration.

An Imitator of Milton.

The world has expended a good deal of sympathy upon the daughters of Milton and execration upon their father, because he heartlessly taught them merely to pronounce Latin and Greek, that they might read these languages aloud for his gratification, while he left them in total ignorance of the meaning of the words they uttered. A similar instance of gross injustice is related of a worthy Englishman, named Richard Dalton, Esq. He was an ardent admirer of the Greek classics, but, suffering from weak eyes, he taught his negro-boy, Cesar, to read to him correctly and fluently any Greek writer, without understanding a syllable. Will these men be rewarded with good eyes and plenty of Greek and Latin authors in the next world? Or will they still be served by women and negro slaves?

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

HUMOROUS.

A fashionable lady says her the latest thing out

If marrying Polly be polygamy, earth is polly-Anni-dry.

A Brooklyn man has named Robinson, because he cru soe

What portions of the body are travelers' The two wrists (

When deaf and dumb lovers gre two of the party at least are happy.

Why is Nature like a baby there is a general squall when

A good comet for home use by tying a bunch of lighted fire the cat's tail

"Keen is your sorrow, but k grief" The compositor set it up is my grief"

A morning paper calls the man son "filliede." It doubtless mea "Commy side."

What do they talk about? and Attalanta, caterpillars, in Connecticut bugs, in Minnesota grubs, in Kentucky, potato bugs, in N mosquitoes

A Scotchman asked an Iri farthings were coined in Pat's answer was, "To give Sco opportunity to subscribe for cha situations"

"What should a man do," asked man of a lady, "when he has an nity to correspond with a charmin but being a bachelor, is a little such business" "I should say write," answered the lady.

The man that now most resem Washington is one of Barnum's "Which of the Fiji Islands d from?' asked one of his visitors day. The cannibal couldn't tell he answered, "Tipperary, bedad

"Conductor, why didn't you up, as I asked you?" "Here I a yond my station" Conductor sir, but all I could get von to say right, Hiarra. Get the children i fast and I'll be down in a minute

A Scotchman went to a law advice, and detailed the circu case "Have you told me precisely as they occurred" lawyer "Oh' aye, sir" replied thought it best to tell ye the Ye can put the hes into it your

Human Longevity.

An investigation made by a sician, of the data relating to gevity, shows the average age of to be 65, of merchants, 62, farmers, 61, military men, 5 artists, 57, and medical men dium duration of life in Russ years, in Prussia, 29, in Swit in France, 30, in Belgium 56, 38. Medical men stand high longevity Of twenty-eight who died there last year, the 60, the oldest 93, two others 89, respectively, three were 8 were 86, each. The idea is By some that, under ord circumstances, men may seven times longer than the required to attain puberty

Fine Apple Fabrics.

The exquisite pine-apple scar handkerchiefs, so famous for their are manufactured in the and can be purchased gala. The fibre of the leaves fine is stripped out, cleaned, by hand. The looms on pine apple fabrics are woven little affairs, of curious con both hands and feet are used The fine embroidery on the fabric is done by men; who are never suffered to lo ability by rough labor. Boys mend for these articles that they ly contracted for three or four vances of their manufacture.

CARLYLE'S ADVICE TO THE D —Apparently you are unusual, perhaps of extra placed, at present, in the having nothing to perverse, chaotic meditation, effort to sound the unfathom natural result for you. Such character indicates the probabi rior capabilities to work in this it is also, unless guided toward inevitable prophecy of much appointment, and failure in your life. Understand, always, that a man is an action, not a thought, necessarily, with all the strength you, to ascertain what—there are, there as you are—your world, and upon that bend your faculties, regarding all referen singular thoughts, moods, etc., nothing whatever, except as th that, and will help toward the thoughts, moods, etc., will thre legitimate the muscles, and beco passions for you, in part, illegitimate, and are out of the your goal will become clearer to step you courageously advance. No man ever understood this even man may understand a ha manful work it lies with him to there. Cheer up, there's gear never saw. So says the old s and I can say no more to you.

STRENGTH OF METALS, Wood a remarkable provision of iron, which is the most st yielded by the earth, is also of all known substances best steel, a rod one-fourth of diameter will sustain 9,000 breaking, made into soft wire the same dimensions will pounds, into iron wire, 6,0 iron, 4,000, inferior bar iron, cast-iron, 1,000 to 3,000 A wire of the same size will pounds, of silver, 2,000, gold 500, cast zinc, 160, cast lead, ed lead, 200 Of wood, a lowest of equal size will pounds, of toughest ash, 1,0 beach, cedar, white-oak, pi chestnut and maple, 650, and Wood which will bear a heavy a minute or two will break wit therefore acting a long time A rope an inch in circumf in about ten times as strong a A rope an inch in diameter about 2½ tons, but in practice it to subject it to a strain of more ston Decrease the rope in thickness half, and its strength will decrease fourths Thus a rope half an ameter will sustain one fourth a rope an inch in diameter

LOVE LETTERS—In every written just about so many lett kind whether people continue sidly or sensible It makes what outsiders believe so that interested are suited with the we confess our true convictions years after they are natured. derest affections of our natures many a letter of this kind is re jewel next to the heart and val and times more than a jewel to Never burn love letters If it's pleasure to have them to read paper is brown and the paper ink is faded, when the hands that age, when the hands that wrote words are folded over the prompted them, and lay under Keep all loving letters Burn harsh ones, and, in sacredness forget them The widow, reading sweet and solemn consolation letters of the beloved one who preyed before her to the shore no message, which there comes no message, she hopes, one day, to join him

Oregonian.

PORTLAND, OREGON: SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1874

[illegible] of haunted houses to which the prevailing has given rise a correspondent, vouching for its following:

[illegible]man who visits our city years, who excites a great account of some peculiar always attend him His is striking—rather tall, broad shoulders, iron off from a full white fore- and eyes dark with a on He takes rooms hotels, and remains

[illegible] is giving directions for a in his private apartment to the minutest detail [illegible] everything, and anxious look At about to his dressing room injunction to the ser [illegible] at the appointed

[illegible]: the table is resplend- and flowers the ser- waiting yet no guests the doors of the in- the strange gentleman en- and head bent, as if in rk addressed to him- the table. With a motion indicates neste to him- and at last to him- moved and the different

[illegible] and yet the host ap- in earnest conversation, and smiling toward dif- At length the wine is filled, and as this tion, holds his glass Instantly every chair women and courtly look love to eyes that kiss seem ready to part Soon the ladies disap- float, as it were out of remain Conversa- when suddenly the two young men angry. They both rise uplift his arm, [illegible] burden, bureau [illegible] girl, who has in front of the [illegible] on her polished gold of her hair, like a crimson thread, snowy whiteness o

[illegible] happen than [illegible] and lively [illegible] gain the in- stairs after [illegible] cold hands

[illegible] be corn- If necessary them, has [illegible] case, after all, In this [illegible] is really [illegible] been de- young lady was back her loss way upon his

[illegible] for some unknown [illegible] to the point when [illegible] as a sort of relief, the event When force must be [illegible] and the vision, so [illegible] into [illegible] visible to all who [illegible] the force is [illegible] disappears [illegible] followed by a [illegible] of nature to repair [illegible] equilibrium.—*N Y*

[illegible]-ous Jaw.

[illegible]-ave American]

[illegible] a pale, intellectual indi- [illegible] a lobster and a voice [illegible] bolted into Fords [illegible] remain Conversa- [illegible], when suddenly the [illegible] two young men angry. They both rise [illegible] uplift his arm, [illegible], burden, bureau [illegible] girl, who has [illegible] in front of the [illegible] on her polished [illegible] gold of her hair, [illegible] like a crimson thread, [illegible] snowy whiteness o

[illegible] happen than [illegible] and lively [illegible] gain the in- [illegible] stairs after [illegible] cold hands

[illegible] be corn- [illegible] If necessary [illegible] them, has [illegible] case, after all, [illegible] In this [illegible] is really [illegible] been de- [illegible] young lady was [illegible] back her loss [illegible] way upon his

[illegible] for some unknown [illegible] to the point when [illegible] as a sort of relief, [illegible] the event When [illegible] force must be [illegible] and the vision, so [illegible] into [illegible] visible to all who [illegible] the force is [illegible] disappears [illegible] followed by a [illegible] of nature to repair [illegible] equilibrium.—*N Y*

[illegible]-OUS JAW

The Daily Oregonian.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBRE 25 1874

THE VOYAGE

I —ANCHORED

O weary days and nights so still so still—
The useless sails hang flapping stiff and slow
We pine and chafe and set the disciplines with
In vain revolt at what to change to know
I not for us We hear the strong winds blow
And fret as in the east the west we see
Great ships and mail go sliding fast and free

II —AT REST

O fearless days and nights so dark so cold—
The swift waves mock and leap on every side
No rudder steers no mast no spar can bear
We dare not even wish for wind or tide
We dare not wish for cold would not make us if we died
We feel forgotten helpless cast away
We shut our eyes and do not even pray

III —ON HOME.

O peaceful days and peaceful nights whose peace
Can be but mine I O green shores of life
Beyond the body I shall we ever cease
To smile that through such hot and silly strife
We came That doubts and fears could grow so rife
That we could tell to see how God s good hand
Our anchorings and driftings planned

THE CYNIC S CREED

For the growth of our life as it closes
Is darkness the print there of dust
Nothorns go as deep as a rose s
And love is more cruel than just
Time turns the old days to derision
Our lives is but corpse set to sand
And marriage and death and division
Make barren per lives

—Swinburne

Christmas Chattings.

A merry and a happy Christmas to all

Christmas is emphatically the children's festival

Christmas decorations are borrowed from Druid practices

The Italians have a proverb He has more business than English ovens at Christmas

Jeremy Taylor said that the first Christmas carol was the song of the angels on the birth of the Savior

Chrysostom calls Christmas the most venerable and tremendous of all festivals, the metropolis and mother of them all"

In England Christmas is at once a religious, domestic and merry making festival that is observed by persons of all ages and ranks

The Duke of Norfolk, who flourished between 1648 and 1679, usually spent twenty thousand pounds sterling annually in keeping Christmas

Christmas is indeed the season of regenerated feeling,—the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality and love in the hall but the genial flame of charity in the heart

Many a worthy old Puritan carried his zeal against the social observances of Christmas to such an extent as to refuse to touch mince pie which was one of the great dishes of the time

Christmas should be emphatically the season of gladness In every heart let there be peace and love, and over all the bright blue heaven of hope, radiant with the golden sunshine of happiness

In rude times Christmas has had the power to mitigate the ferocities of war During the seige of Orleans, in 1428 the French granted the request of their English enemies to allow them to observe Christmas

In the sixteenth century Christmas festivities were carried to their height in England Those who could afford it, had a dinner laid out with great pomp, which was served while bands discoursing music and masqueraders entertained the company

One of the most charming features of English life is the humane and hallowed joy that invests the Christmas-time All the latent charities, courtesies, amenities of the people flower out then, and turn the midwinter into the summer of social feeling benevolence and genial piety

A quaint conceit of an old chronicler "Every holly bough and lump of berries with which you adorn your houses is an act of natural piety as well as beauty, and will enable you in Summer days to relish that green world of which you show yourselves not unworthy"

It is a practice worthy of our English ancestors, to fill their houses at Christmas with their relations and friends, that, when Nature was frozen and dreary out of doors, something might be found within doors to keep the pulses of their hearts in the proper motion." The custom, however, is only appropriate among people who happen to have hearts

Leigh Hunt says that volumes can be penned on some of the separate items of Christmas association, beginning with "roast beef and plum pudding, and ending, characteristically, with 'love, hope, charity and endeavor,' concerning which he exclaims 'Esto perpetua, and plum pudding enough by and-by all the year round for everybody that likes it!'"

According to an old German custom still observed in some villages, the presents made by all the parents were sent to some one person, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, becoming the bugbear of children, known as 'Knecht Rupert," goes from house to house, is received by the parents with great pomp and reverence, calls for the children, and bestows the intended gifts upon them according to the character which he hears from the parents after severe inquiries

The common custom of decking the houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is derived from ancient Druid practices. It was an old belief that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens, and remain unstripped by frost till a milder season. The holly, ivy, rosemary, bays, laurel and mistletoe, furnished the favorite trimmings which were not removed till Candlemas. Holly and ivy still remain in England the most esteemed Christmas evergreens, though at the two universities the windows of the college chapels are decked with laurel

THE EXTENT OF THE UNIVERSE.—Since the beginning of this century, our idea of the universe has undergone a complete metamorphosis, though but few persons recognize this fact Less than a century ago, the savants who admitted the earth's motion (some still reject it) pictured to themselves the system of the universe as being bounded by the frontier of Saturn's orbit at a distance from the central sun equal to 109 000 times the diameter of the earth or about 860,000 000 miles The stars were fixed, spherically distributed, at a distance but a little greater than that of Saturn Beyond this limit a vacant space was supposed to surround the universe The discovery of Uranus, in 1785, did away at once with this belief, consisting of Saturn's orbit, and the frontier of solar domination was pushed out to a distance of 1,900,000 000 miles from the center of the system, that is to say, beyond the space which was vaguely supposed to be occupied by the stars The discovery of Neptune, in 1846 again removed these limits to a distance that would have appalled our fathers the orbit described by this planet being 2 862 - 000 000 miles from the sun

But the attractive force of the sun extends further still Beyond the orbit of Uranus, beyond the dark route slowly traversed by Neptune, the frigid wastes of space are traveled over by the comets in their erratic courses Of these some being controlled by the sun do not leap from system to system, but move in closed curves, though at a distance far greater than those of Uranus and Neptune Thus Halley's comet recedes to a distance of over 1 200 000,000 miles from the sun, the comet of 1711, 36,000,000,000, and that of 1680 to 000,000,000 The period of the last named comet is 8,800 years —*From "Dutances of the Stars," in Popular Science Monthly for August*

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

Financial.

THURSDAY EVENING December 24 1874.

Gold in New York 111⅛.

Legal Tenders in Portland—buying, 89¼ selling 90¼.

Legal tenders in San Francisco 90⅝ buying, 91 selling

Sight exchange on San Francisco coin ⅜ per cent. discount, currency ½ of 1 per cent. prem

Sight exchange on New York, coin ¼ of one per cent. prem land currency ½ of one per cent.

Gold bars 72@73.0

Price of Sterling exchange in New York $4 84 @ 4 85

Latest telegrams from Liverpool denote a quiet market Quotations are as follows For California cargoes on the spot 10s 7d Oregon ditto 10s 6d cargoes Oregon for shipment to York 9s 3d do to Liverpool ⅞ 1d per cental Liverpool cargoes for shipment 4s 6d per quarter of 480 lbs

The local money market exhibits no specially new features to day A general quiet feeling is manifest and but few inquiries for loans are met while a disposition on the part of holders of grain to await better prices lessens the demand from shippers and funds are accumulating upon which the business of the new year will start out with fair prospects

Interior Californta

WHEAT—We notice rather more activity in the market to day than has prevailed during the week A few holders are coming into the market and offering lots at figures ranging from $1 70 to $1 40 but we hear of no takers at the latter figure, nor at more than $1 50 for ordinary lots of say 1 000 bushels or less Ten thousand bushels in one lot and 4 000 in an other changed hands to day at $1 37½ Exporters figures for ordinary lots are $1 35 per cental

FLOUR—Stocks are accumulating and prices are weak, standard extras being quoted at $4 25@4 40 per barrel country brands $4@4 25 superfine $3 50@3 75

OATS—The receipts are not large and prices are slightly improving We quote at 42@45 cents per bushel

BARLEY—Market quiet at $1 20@1 for common $1 40@1 45 per 100 lbs for choice

FEED—Bran is quotable at $18 per ton middlings $22@27 50 shorts $18 50@22 50 chicken feed $30

HAY—Baled timothy $11@12 ton loose $10@11 wild $7@8

POTATOES—A fair demand is noticed at our last quotations

ONIONS—The market is quiet at $1 25@1 40 per 100 lbs

RIPE FRUITS—Apples assorted and neatly packed for shipment, are quotable at 60@65 cents per box loose and mixed varieties 40@50c Pears 75@81 per box.

DRIED FRUIT—Apples in sacks 5c per lb in kegs 6 Plums with pits 6c pitless 10@11c.

BUTTER—A fair demand for choice quality is the rule in the market, as is an over supply of inferior. Prices vary with the quality and style of packing from 15@18c per lb

CHEESE—The receipts are rather below those of prior weeks and there is some inquiry at 14@15c per lb for good qualities of Oregon made

EGGS—The market is down to 35c per dozen not withstanding the holiday demand

CHICKENS—There are largelots in the market and prices fluctuate almost daily quotable at present at $3 00@3 25 for good to choice lots.

BEEF CATTLE—The arrivals have been fair as to numbers and condition and prices are steady at 3½@3¾c per lb but some fancy steers for the holidays have sold at much higher figures

MUTTON SHEEP—But few lots have been received and the demand is very quiet. Nominal quotations $4 @ head

DRESSED HOGS—Quite a fair degree of activity has been manifested in this line of trade so far during the season and buyers are free in offers for choice lots which are quotable at 7c per lb small at 6½c The packing season progresses with fair prospects of a heavier business than usual

TALLOW—We quote at 5@5 50 per 100 lbs and in good demand

HIDES AND FURS—An active demand for shipping purposes prevails and receipts are larger We quote for choice dry 16c per lb green salted 7c green 6½c calfskins 10@12c per lb deer 15@30c per lb dried and 60@75c apiece elk 25c per lb mink skins each $1@1 50 otter $2@5 beaver, 7.0@$1

WOOL—In this staple there is comparatively few transactions, the imports of the past few months equaling the shipments Prices are unchanged ranging from 24@28c for good to choice

Interior Californta

WHEAT—We notice rather more activity in the market to day than has prevailed during the week A few holders are coming into the market and offering lots at figures ranging from $1 70 to $1 40 but we hear of no takers at the latter figure, nor at more than $1 50 for ordinary lots of say 1 000 bushels or less Ten thousand bushels in one lot and 4 000 in an other changed hands to day at $1 37½ Exporters figures for ordinary lots are $1 35 per cental

FLOUR—Stocks are accumulating and prices are weak, standard extras being quoted at $4 25@4 40 per barrel country brands $4@4 25 superfine $3 50@3 75

OATS—The receipts are not large and prices are slightly improving We quote at 42@45 cents per bushel

BARLEY—Market quiet at $1 20@1 for common $1 40@1 45 per 100 lbs for choice

FEED—Bran is quotable at $18 per ton middlings $22@27 50 shorts $18 50@22 50 chicken feed $30

HAY—Baled timothy $11@12 ton loose $10@11 wild $7@8

POTATOES—A fair demand is noticed at our last quotations

ONIONS—The market is quiet at $1 25@1 40 per 100 lbs

RIPE FRUITS—Apples assorted and neatly packed for shipment, are quotable at 60@65 cents per box loose and mixed varieties 40@50c Pears 75@81 per box.

DRIED FRUIT—Apples in sacks 5c per lb in kegs 6 Plums with pits 6c pitless 10@11c.

BUTTER—A fair demand for choice quality is the rule in the market, as is an over supply of inferior. Prices vary with the quality and style of packing from 15@18c per lb

CHEESE—The receipts are rather below those of prior weeks and there is some inquiry at 14@15c per lb for good qualities of Oregon made

EGGS—The market is down to 35c per dozen not withstanding the holiday demand

CHICKENS—There are largelots in the market and prices fluctuate almost daily quotable at present at $3 00@3 25 for good to choice lots.

BEEF CATTLE—The arrivals have been fair as to numbers and condition and prices are steady at 3½@3¾c per lb but some fancy steers for the holidays have sold at much higher figures

MUTTON SHEEP—But few lots have been received and the demand is very quiet. Nominal quotations $4 @ head

DRESSED HOGS—Quite a fair degree of activity has been manifested in this line of trade so far during the season and buyers are free in offers for choice lots which are quotable at 7c per lb small at 6½c The packing season progresses with fair prospects of a heavier business than usual

TALLOW—We quote at 5@5 50 per 100 lbs and in good demand

HIDES AND FURS—An active demand for shipping purposes prevails and receipts are larger We quote for choice dry 16c per lb green salted 7c green 6½c calfskins 10@12c per lb deer 15@30c per lb dried and 60@75c apiece elk 25c per lb mink skins each $1@1 50 otter $2@5 beaver, 7.0@$1

WOOL—In this staple there is comparatively few transactions, the imports of the past few months equaling the shipments Prices are unchanged ranging from 24@28c for good to choice

Shipping Intelligence.

The steamship Ajax from San Francisco will due here to-morrow night.

The Br ship Privateer, loaded by the Oregon State Grange has cleared for Cork with 48 482 bushels wheat, valued at $46 00

The Br bark Gloria loaded by Henry Hewitt & Co, has cleared for the United Kingdom with 40 971 bushels wheat, valued at $35,500.

[BY TELEGRAPH]

SAN FRANCISCO Dec 24—Arrived—British ship Langdale Liverpool bark Ouward Ureakefy

Sailed—bark Oak Hill Port Blakely bark Buena Vista, Port Gamble brig Deseop Seattle

Boston Wool Market.

[BY TELEGRAPH]

BOSTON Dec 23—The demand for domestic wool is steady and the supply of fleeces fast disappearing There is a very firm feeling with fair prospect that higher prices will prevail at an early day If a good market should take a start and prices become more remunerative, the wool market would become quite excited on account of small stocks in the country Sales of medium X and XX Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been made at 56@58c Michigan and Wisconsin fleeces 49@52c Common and good Western fleeces, 44@50 combing and delaine fleeces scarce and wanted. Pulled wools are in fair demand, selling at comparatively low prices Transactions include superfine and extra at 37@39c In California wool nothing of any consequence has been done

San Francisco Markets.

[BY TELEGRAPH]

SAN FRANCISCO Dec 24—Flour—Extra $4 75@5 12½. Wheat—$1 55@1 57½ good shipping $1 50@1 55 common $1 37½

Barley—Coast feed $1 22½ coast brewing $1 32½ bay brewing $1 42½@1 45 choice $1 50

Oats—California $1 60@1 70 choice Oregon $1 70

Hay—$13@15 choice 16@17

Potatoes—Ordinary $1 10@1 45 good to choice $1 60@1 70

Provisions—Extra prime pork 17c mess 23c mess beef 30c

San Francisco Stock Market.

[BY TELEGRAPH]

SAN FRANCISCO Dec 24—Ophir 173, Gould & Curry 14½, B & B 66 Savage 124 Chollar 82½ Hale & Norcross 68 Crown Point 47 Justice 171 Belcher 54¾ Confidence 50, U H C, 7 Con Virginia 499 California 449

Imitation Heat at the root of many of the ills to which flesh is heir. It is called by many names It leads to many other diseases. It is like the jackall which frequents the lion Uncured of dyspepsia, the victim leads a miserable and usually a short life To all who suffer thus, the celebrated PLANTATION BITTERS will bring a world-wide fame comes with healing on its wings

Neuralgia.— Kill me—oh kill me,' was the cry of a fellow sufferer almost mad from neuralgic pains in the head and face. I will do better than that" replied her sympathetic husband I will buy a bottle of MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT and that will cure you—sure. The bottle was bought at the nearest drug store (for which he found anywhere) and the Liniment was applied Within fifteen minutes the exhausted woman fell into a sweet sleep and awoke a few hours afterwards free from pain She believes in Mustang Liniment and keeps a bottle of it on her dressing table for any of her friends.

The Gorgons were three celebrated sisters whose hairs were entwined with serpent they had wings of gold, their heads were of brass their bodies covered with scales, their teeth as long as the tusks of a wild boar and they turned to stone all on whom they fixed their eyes They are mythological creations—but in these days there may be seen some women who are regardless of their person and deformities—they allow the claims of such nature accords to all their sex, their hair to become disheveled unhealthy and finally to drop out when by the use of LYON'S KATHAIRON they could retain it in all its beauty and present to their lovers and husbands the witching grace of comeliness

"Would that I had back my beauty I has been the troubled exclamation of many devotees of fashion who, during life's fair morning resorted to the meretricious arts of plaster and paint for the complexion What utter change comes swiftly on, when outraged nature asserts its rights, and covers the votaries of fashion with blotches and eruptions Better far to have used the world renowned HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1875 of the sterling Medical Annual known as Hostetter's Almanac is now ready and may be obtained free of cost of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for almost one fifth of a century It combines with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading and the calendar astronomical calculations chronological items &c are prepared with great care and will be found entirely accurate The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1875 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country The proprietors Messrs Hostetter & Smith Pittsburgh, Pa on receipt of a two cent stamp will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood

A cold confined Bronchitis by taking JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

BETTER THAN GOING SOUTH

Go South Go South is the parrot cry of the friends of the consumptive If myself meant that silly Few of those who go South from lung and throat complaints can go South or would be benefitted if they did go HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR is worth more than millions of cubic feet of southern air as a remedy for every species of pulmonary complaint It will cure any cough any cold any bronchial complaint and effectually arrest the tendency to consumption

PIKE'S TOOTH ACHE DROPS—Cure in 1 minut.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO, DIRECT.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

THE OREGON STEAMSHIP CO S Steamer

AJAX,

FRED BOLLES Commander

Will leave Portland Warehouse and Dock Company s Wharf at Foot of Ferest, for the above port,

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1874, At 6 o clock P M

For Freight or Passage apply at the Office of the Company, corner Front and Ferest streets

GEO W WEIDLER, Agent.

For PORT TOWNSEND, SAN JUAN, NANAIMO, PORT WRANGEL and SITKA.

CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

THE OREGON STEAMSHIP CO S Steam Propeller

GUSSIE TEVIS AIR,

JOHN HAYES Commander.

Will leave Portland Warehouse and Dock Company s Wharf at foot of Ferest for the above ports,

SATURDAY, DEC 26, 1874, At 6 o clock P M

For Freight or Passage apply at the Office of the Company corner of Front and Front streets.

GEO W WEIDLER Agent.

From Coos Bay & San Francisco

REGULAR STEAMSHIP LINE

THE FAVORITE STEAMERS

EASTPORT,

J F WHITNEY Master

EMPIRE,

C H BUTLER Master

Make regular trips Stages from Roseburg connecting with Steamers at Coos Bay

P SCHEITER Agent, Coos Bay D BRADLEY, Agent, San Francisco 106 Davis street near California. oc5d6m

INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.

OF CALIFORNIA.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Assets Exceed - $627,003 00.

OREGON BRANCH

98 Front Street, corner of Alder.

EDWARD HALL, Manager.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Fire and Marine Insurance.

Capital.....$1,000,000.

JOHN H REDINGTON Pres

GEO H HOWARD Vice President.

CHAS R STORY Secretary.

N B EDDY Marine Secretary.

H H BIGELOW General Manager.

DIRECTORS:

Of this Branch.

PORTLAND P Wasserman, C H Lewis, B Gold smith, D Maclay, Lloyd Brooke

SALEM L F Grover

ALBANY J A Crawford.

DALLES J M French.

LEWISTON Lowenberg.

HAMILTON BOYD,

Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory.

THE STATE Investment & Insurance COMPANY.

OF SAN FRANCISCO

FIRE AND MARINE.

Incorporated in 1871.

Cash Assets, - - $375,000.

OFFICERS:

PETER DONAHUE, President A J BRYANT Vice President.

CHARLES H CUSHING, Secretary

This Company has no connection with any Insurance combination Its business is transacted at the Lowest Paying Rates each risk being rated according to its own merits

The undersigned, having been appointed General Agents for the above Company are now prepared to accept applications and issue Policies for Fire and Marine risks at equitable rates

A. P HOTALING & CO.,

Office—25 Front Street, Portland

General Agents for Oregon and Washington Territory

N B—Agents wanted throughout the State and Territory

UNION Insurance Company.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Capital, paid up in Gold Coin $750,000

Assets, exceed - $1 000,000

BRANCH OFFICE FOR OREGON,

First National Bank Building, Portland

EDWIN D. BACKENSTOS,

myl4tf General Agent.

AUCTION AND COMMISSION.

A. B. RICHARDSON, AUCTIONEER

COR. OF FRONT AND OAK STS.

Auction Sales

OF REAL ESTATE GROCERIES GENERAL MDSE CHANDISE AND HORSES

Sale Days---Wednesday and Saturday

At Private Sale.

Large assortment of GROCERIES and LIQUORS Liberal advances made on Consignments.

To parties declining Housekeeping I will mention that I will purchase Second Hand Furniture

A. B RICHARDSON, Auctioneer

Regular and Peremptory Sale

OF

REAL ESTATE, GROCERIES, FURNITURE, AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

I will sell at my Auction Salesroom on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874, At 10 o clock A M

Parlor, Bedroom, Diningroom & Kitchen Furniture

ALSO

GROCERIES.

300 bxs Rope s CANDLES

250 bxs Challenge SOAP

150 bxs Bleaching SOAP

10 bbls Zante CURRANTS

10 bbls English PORTER

A. B. RICHARDSON, Auctioneer.

PRIVATE BOARDING

BOARD WITH OR WITHOUT FURNISHED Room can be had in a strictly private family by young gentlemen or one married gentleman and wife References required

MRS A TAYLOR

Cor Third and Main sts

RIVER STEAMERS.

NOTICE.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THE STEAMER WELCOME will leave the dock foot of Ash street, (O S N Co s wharf) at 6 o clock A M every morning (Sunday excepted) for Oregon City connecting with the Steamer ALICE on Monday and Thursday for Corvallis and intermediate points and on other days with the FANNIE PATTON and L M COOKE, of which due notice will be given by Posters

FARE, ONE DOLLAR.

For Butteville Champoeg Dayton and Lafayette connecting with Steamer DAYTON on Monday Wednesday and Friday

Fare, 75 Cents.

All up freight to Corvallis or Lafayette and intermediate points for One Dollar per Ton.

Freight received on the Dock of the O S N Co or O S S Co Company of the above points

Through freights to Astoria forwarded without delay at the lowest rates

All Freight delivered free of drayage

J D MILES Agent.

Oregon Steam Navigation Co.'s

PASSENGER SCHEDULE.

PASSENGERS LEAVE PORTLAND FOR DALLES—Daily (exception day) at 5 o clock A M

FOR ASTORIA—Daily (except Sunday) at 6 A M.

FOR KALAMA and TACOMA—Daily (Sundays excepted) at 6 A M.

FOR VICTORIA—Thursday and Saturday at 6 A M.

S G REED Vice President.

The Willamette River Transportation Co.'s Steamers

Will leave the Central Wharf between Washington and Alder streets as follows

Steamer "GOV. GROVER" for Corvallis, on Monday and Thursday at 6 A M

Steamer "WILLAMETTE CHIEF" for Albany, on Tuesday and Friday at 6 A M

Steamer "SHOSHONE" for Points on the Yamhill River, on Monday Wednesday and Friday, at 8 A M

Steamer "BEAVER" for Astoria, Tuesday Thursday and Saturday at 8 A M

Lightering and Towing of Vessels between Portland and Astoria at REDUCED RATES

FRANK T BODLE Agent

OHIO!

INDEPENDENT LINE!

THE LIGHT DRAFT STEAMER

OHIO

Leaves the Wharf foot of Alder street Portland for Albany Corvallis and all intermediate points on Monday and Thursdays of each week Leaves Corvallis on return Wednesdays and Saturdays until further notice No deviation account of low water Rates of freight reasonable For any further information apply on board, or to G L Lindsey Agent on the wharf

L B SCOTT Master

Astoria to Oysterville.

The Steamer FAVORITE, carrying the U S Mails, leaves ASTORIA and UNITY on Mondays, Tuesdays Fridays and Saturdays connecting with the O S N Co s boats On intermediate days the Sloat can be chartered for any business that offers

Through freight to Oysterville will be receipted for on the O S N Co s wharf at Portland and through passage can be secured by applying to Purser of the Company s Steamers

J C FOX

dlr2 Agent Astoria.

Portland & Vancouver Packet.

THE STEAMER VANCOUVER,

JAS W TROUPE Master

WILL LEAVE DAILY FROM WASHINGTON Street Wharf for Vancouver at 2 30 P M Returning leave Vancouver at 8 A M For freight or passage apply on board

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARKETS.

REID & VESTAL,

BUTCHERS & PACKERS,

Stalls 8 9 and 10 Central Market.

SHIPS AND STEAMBOATS SUPPLIED

HOME AGAIN!

J. S. KELLER,

Has returned to the

COR. MADISON AND FIRST STREETS,

Where he will be prepared to supply Fresh

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Etc.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

PORTLAND MARKET.

E. H. GARLING,

Cor. MORRISON and SECOND STREETS,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND the best of all kinds of MEATS All orders delivered in any part of the city free of Charge Also KOEHLER BEEF, VEAL AND MUTTON

CHRIS. SCLOTH

INVITES HIS OLD PATRONS AND the public generally to call at his

NEW BUTCHER SHOP,

Washington St., one door East of Third

HARDWARE IRON AND STEEL.

JOHN R. FOSTER,

CORNER FRONT AND STARK STS.

Dealer in

Howe's Platform and Counter Scales.

THE BEST IN USE.

Shelf and Builders' Hardware.

MECHANICS' TOOLS,

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Miners's Goods,

Nails, Rope, Shovels, Anvils, Axes, Etc.

All of which are offered at the Lowest Rates

He invites buyers to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere

Would also particular attention to buyers of Builders Hardware and House Trimmings either a WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Oregon Notice in Bankruptcy In the matter of C B COMSTOCK Bankrupt Notice is hereby given that a petition has been filed in said Court by said C B Comstock duly declared bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 1867 for a discharge and certificate thereof from all his debts and liabilities and other claims provable thereunder and that the thirty first day of December 1874 is assigned for the hearing of the same before H H Northup Esq Register in Bankruptcy at his office in Portland in said District when and where any person may attend and show cause if any they have why the prayer of said petition should not be granted WILLIAM Clerk of said Court

d16d1w4t

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT—Estate of Agnes Kelm deceased Multnomah county A Legrand Administrator of said estate has filed his final account and all persons interested are notified that the Court has appointed Saturday the 24th day of January 1875 at 10 o clock A M for the hearing and allowment of said account and all persons having objections thereto are hereby required to appear and make the same before the County Court of Multnomah County Oregon at the Court House and then and there be heard By order of the Court December 21 1874

A LEGRAND

Administrator of the Estate of Agnes Kelm deceased d1 d4w4t

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Oregon Notice in Bankruptcy In the matter of E L BOND In matter Bankrupt Notice is hereby given that a petition has been filed in said Court by said J H Gulmet duly declaring said Bond bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2 1867 for a discharge and certificate thereof from all his debts and liabilities and other claims provable under said Act and that the eighth day of January 1875 is assigned for the hearing of the same before H H Northup Esq Register in Bankruptcy at his office in Portland in said District when and where any person may attend and show cause if any they have why the prayer of said petition should not be granted R WILSON Clerk of said Court

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jefferson Street.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ASSESSment made by ordinance No 1 81 for the improvement of Jefferson street, in the manner provided by Ordinance No 1579 on each of the following described lots fronting upon that part of Jefferson street lying between the centers of West Park and Eighth streets as well as those liable for a proportionate share of improving the intersections of said street with streets running at right angles therewith is due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer in United States gold and silver coin and unless paid within fifteen days from the date hereof the Common Council will order warrants issued for the collection thereof

Block	Lot	Owner	Assessment
223	3 4 5	Sarah L Harker	$ 4 86
224	1 2 8	J H Wilbur	12 04
			$90 30

By order of the Common Council

W S CALDWELL Auditor an l Clerk

December 22 1874 d22d10d

East Park Street.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ASSessment made by Ordinance No 1 71 for the improvement of East Park street, in the manner provided by Ordinance No 1 71 on each of the following described lots fronting upon that part of East Park street lying between the centers of Washington and Yamhill streets as well as those liable for a proportionate share of improving the intersections of said streets with streets running at right angles therewith is due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer in United States gold and silver coin and unless paid within fifteen days from the date of this notice the Common Council will order warrants issued for the collection thereof

Block	Lot	Owner	Assessment
211	5	J W Beatty	$ 1 35
	6 7	Catharine Miller	5 13
	8	F H Lewis	19 58
	5	J S Ritles	25 61
	4	H Wasserman	34 35
	7 w 8	D Taggart	9 0
York 4	2	P W Collette	46 16
	1	I D W Hardenburg	26 40
2,	2	J L Ladd	31 60
	1,	Albert F Smith	$228 80

By order of the Common Council

W S CALDWELL Auditor and Clerk

December 2, 1874 d2.d10d

Ordinance No 1580

AN ORDINANCE TO AUTHORIZE A CERTAIN contract

The City of Portland does ordain as follows

Section 1 The Committee on Judiciary are hereby authorized to advertise for receive proposals and enter into contract with the lowest responsible daily newspaper to do all advertising including all notices and other matter required by the Charter or ordered by the Common Council to be published for the term of one year

Passed the Common Council December 16, 1874.

W S CALDWELL Auditor and Clerk

Approved December 18 1874

HENRY FAILING Mayor

d22d5d

City Assessment.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ASSESSment Roll of the City of Portland has been duly filed and will remain open at the Auditor's Office until JANUARY 1 1875 prior to which time all applications for corrections of errors must be filed

Particular attention is directed to the following section of Ordinance No 1113

Section 2 Any person deeming himself aggrieved by the assessment valuation or listing of property may apply to the Common Council for a revision of the same

Such application shall contain a list of all the property subject to taxation for city purposes owned by in the hands of or under the control of the applicant and a concise statement of the particulars or items claimed to be erroneously assessed which said application shall in all cases be verified by oath or affirmation of the applicant and must be filed with the Auditor before the 1st day of JANUARY following the date of the filing of the Assessment Roll

W S CALDWELL Auditor and Clerk.

December 1 1874 d.dtd

East Park Street.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ASSessment made by Ordinance No 1 71 for the improvement of East Park street, in the manner provided by Ordinance No 1 71 on each of the following described lots fronting upon that part of East Park street lying between the centers of Washington and Yamhill streets as well as those liable for a proportionate share of improving the intersections of said streets with streets running at right angles therewith is due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer in United States gold and silver coin and unless paid within fifteen days from the date of this notice the Common Council will order warrants issued for the collection thereof

Block	Lot	Owner	Assessment
211	5	J W Beatty	$ 1 35
	6 7	Catharine Miller	5 13
	8	F H Lewis	19 58
	5	J S Ritles	25 61
	4	H Wasserman	34 35
	7 w 8	D Taggart	9 0
York 4	2	P W Collette	46 16
	1	I D W Hardenburg	26 40
2,	2	J L Ladd	31 60
	1,	Albert F Smith	$228 80

By order of the Common Council

W S CALDWELL Auditor and Clerk

December 2, 1874 d2.d10d

Ordinance No 1580

AN ORDINANCE TO AUTHORIZE A CERTAIN contract

The City of Portland does ordain as follows

Section 1 The Committee on Judiciary are hereby authorized to advertise for receive proposals and enter into contract with the lowest responsible daily newspaper to do all advertising including all notices and other matter required by the Charter or ordered by the Common Council to be published for the term of one year

Passed the Common Council December 16, 1874.

W S CALDWELL Auditor and Clerk

Approved December 18 1874

HENRY FAILING Mayor

d22d5d

City Assessment.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ASSessment Roll of the City of Portland has been duly filed and will remain open at the Auditor's Office until JANUARY 1 1875 prior to which time all applications for corrections of errors must be filed

Particular attention is directed to the following section of Ordinance No 1113

Section 2 Any person deeming himself aggrieved by the assessment valuation or listing of property may apply to the Common Council for a revision of the same

Such application shall contain a list of all the property subject to taxation for city purposes owned by in the hands of or under the control of the applicant and a concise statement of the particulars or items claimed to be erroneously assessed which said application shall in all cases be verified by oath or affirmation of the applicant and must be filed with the Auditor before the 1st day of JANUARY following the date of the filing of the Assessment Roll

W S CALDWELL Auditor and Clerk.

December 1 1874 d.dtd

SPIRAL SPRING BEDS,

Four different kinds—the woven wire mattress the Flyn spring web(patentable pure hair mattress pure hair and excelsior pure excelsior feathers are sold wholesale and retail by the

OREGON FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMP'Y, PORTLAND.

SOLDIERS'

WAR CLAIM AGENCY,

No. 34 MONTGOMERY BLOCK,

SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

W H AIKEN ATTORNEY AT LAW AND Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic in California and Nevada will give prompt attention to the collection of Additional Bounty Pay due California and Nevada Volunteers discharged more than three hundred miles from home Soldiers can depend on fair dealing Information given free of charge When writing enclose stamp for reply an l state company and regiment and when you have a discharge Congress has extended the time for filing claims for additional Bounty under Act of July 28 1866 to January 1870, so all such claims must be made before that time Original Bounty of $100 has been allowed all volunteers who enlisted before July 1861 for three years if not paid the same when discharged. Land Warrants can be obtained for services rendered before 1855 but not for services in the late war Pensions for late war and war of 1812 obtained and increased when allowed for less than disability warrant but no pensions can be allowed to Mexican and Florida war soldiers State of Texas has granted Pensions to surviving veterans of Texas Revolution New Orleans and Mobile Prize Money is now due and being paid W H Aiken also attends to General Law and Collection Business.

aul5dsatawcow6m

SNODGRASS & CO.,

CINCINNATI O

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

For sale of

OREGON SALMON.

Orders for purchase of COTTON GOODS, OILS PROVISIONS Etc will have prompt attention oct9 tawsm

OSCAR KILBOURN & CO.

AUCTION AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Corner First and Pine Streets,

WILL PURCHASE AND SELL REAL ESTATE Merchandise Furniture, Etc

Regular Sale Days, Tuesdays and Fridays

A general assortment of Merchandise at private sale

OSCAR KILBOURN, Auctioneer.

WM. PFUNDER, APOTHECARY AND CHEMIST,

DEUTSCHE APOTHEKE,

Corner of First and Oak streets (Portland

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

L H WAKEFIELD JOHN BARROWS

WAKEFIELD & CO.,

DEALERS IN

CUMBERLAND, LEHIGH,

And all kinds of

COAL.

ADVANCES MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS OF Produce and personal attention given to the Purchase and Shipment of Merchandise and the sale of Oregon Produce.

San Francisco Oct 1 1874

VARNISHES,

OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MANUfacture—

A FULL SUPPLY

HODGE, CALFF & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Paints, Oils and Glass,

76 Front Street.

REMOVED.

DR. J. R. CARDWELL,

Dentist,

Has removed to Room No 4 Dekum s Building, cor First and Washington streets daw

LAW CARDS.

REMOVAL.

A C GIBBS E G HUGHES

GIBBS & HUGHES,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

Office in Ankeny's Building, First Street.

Will practice in all Courts of Record in the State and pay particular attention to Business in the United States Courts

SYLVESTER SIMPSON JNO B WALDO

SIMPSON & WALDO,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No 12 Dekum s Building

C. B. BELLINGER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Room 16, Dekum's Building,

Portland Oregon

W. W. MORELAND,

Attorney at Law—Oregon City